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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY *is the official organ of the original Theosophical Society founded in New York by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and others, in 1875.*

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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

OCTOBER, 1930

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

THE SEVENFOLD COUNSELS OF PERFECTION

THE manner in which the Buddhist scriptures came into being has set its mark on them in two ways. First, since those scriptures with which we have been engaged were sermons or addresses delivered often to general audiences of villagers, they have a popular interest; many of them, besides being good doctrine, are good stories. Second, as they were not written down at the time, as were, for example, the *Bhagavad Gîta*, or the many treatises attributed to the great Shankara Acharya, it was expedient to give them a form which would lend itself to easy recollection, and this was attained by the repetition of passages, so that the discourses are exceedingly easy to remember.

The firm tradition among the Buddhists, a tradition which we are fully justified in accepting, is that this process of handing on the discourses orally was continued until after the death of the Buddha; that a Great Council was held at Rajagriha, capital city of Magadha, in the year 543 B. C., immediately after the death of the Buddha, and that at this Council the disciples recorded what they remembered of their Master's discourses, the noble Ananda, who had been attached to the Buddha as spiritual aide-de-camp, contributing many vivid details of the time, place and persons concerned with each of the addresses. Besides the rich material incorporated in the sermons themselves, there was also a great body of tradition, recording further incidents, discourses and teachings, as, for example, the mass of material which forms the Commentaries on the *Dhammapada*, the "Sentences of the Law of Righteousness", which had been reduced to writing not later than the year 307 B. C., and which were carried in that year to Ceylon by the great missionary Mahendra. After he had taught the doctrine of the Buddha to the Sinhalese who were emigrants from Magadha on the Ganges, and who spoke a dialect very like that in which the Buddha delivered his teachings, Mahendra translated the Commentaries into this popular dialect, from which the modern Sinhalese is derived. This

version was re-translated, some eight centuries later, into the older language of Magadha by the great Buddhist teacher and scholar Buddhaghosha, whose name means "the voice of the Buddha". The name Pali, "series", which was at first applied to the series of Buddhist scriptures, was in time transferred to the dialect of Magadha which the Buddha had spoken, and which, as the vehicle of his recorded discourses, became the sacred language of Buddhism studied to-day in Ceylon, Siam and Burma, but not in Magadha, which is to-day a part of the province of Bihar. This name, it may be noted, is identical with Vihara, a Buddhist monastery, and the district was so called because Buddhist Viharas were so numerous there in ancient days. While the alphabets of Ceylon, Burma and Siam, though differing slightly among themselves, are all derived from the same source as the alphabet in which Sanskrit and Hindi are written, these Buddhist alphabets have at first sight a very different appearance. This apparent difference has a very simple cause. The material used for writing is generally the same, namely, strips of the leaf of the palmyra palm. The writing was done in Northern India and the Ganges valley, as it is done in the village schools to-day, with a reed cut to a point. Its Hindi name is *kalam*, identical with the Greek *kalamos*, which means both "reed" and "pen", and the Latin *calamus*, so that *lapsus calami* means literally "a slip of the reed". With the reed is used ink made of soot or lamp-black, the original Indian ink. And, as the tip of the *kalam* is comparatively soft, it does not tear the fibre of the palm leaf strip. As a result, it is possible to draw horizontal or vertical lines without tearing the material, so that Sanskrit and Hindi have a square look. The Southern Indian languages, as also Sinhalese, are generally written with a steel stylus, so that care must be taken not to tear the fibre. As a result, the letters of these scripts tend to run into curves; they are rounded rather than square, though the characteristic parts of the letters are much the same as in Hindi.

Incidentally, in view of the fact that palm leaves and reeds, with a simple ink made of soot, are, as they have been for ages, the ordinary materials used for writing in India, the suggestion of Professor T. W. Rhys Davids that, in the time of the Buddha, "the lack of writing materials made lengthy books impossible," sounds somewhat absurd. The great American Orientalist, W. D. Whitney, writes more wisely when, discussing the transmission of the Veda, he says:

"While oral tradition continued to be the exoteric practice, writing might still be resorted to esoterically; collections might be made and arranged, treatises composed, texts compared and studied, by the initiated, while the results were communicated to the schools by oral teaching, and memorized by the neophytes."

This memorizing, as we have seen, is consciously made easier in the case of the Buddhist discourses, by constant repetition, while the popular appeal of the teaching is secured by introducing a good story. In the discourse with which we are at present concerned, the story element is provided by Ajatashatru, King of the land of Magadha, whose visit to the Buddha on an earlier

occasion has been already recorded. It may be remembered that Ajatashatru, whose title recalls a Vedic king, many millenniums earlier, gave the Buddha a vivacious account of other teachers whose doctrines he had studied, that the teaching of Buddha appealed to him as being altogether superior, that he offered himself as a disciple of the Buddha and became, in fact, a lay disciple. The Buddha expressed his admiration for the young king, and said that he might have attained to a high degree of spiritual achievement, if he had not sinned by putting his own father to death. That is only one of several incidents recounted in the Buddhist scriptures, which show Ajatashatru as fiery, warlike and despotic in temper. This side of his character, and at the same time his great reverence for the Buddha, is made the starting point of our discourse.

Once upon a time, we are told, the Master was living at Rajagriha, the capital city of Magadha, on the mountain known as Vulture Peak. At that time the King of Magadha, Ajatashatru, son of the princess of Videha, had determined to attack the community of the Vajjians, against whom his anger had been aroused, so that he said: "What though the Vajjians be possessed of great power and might, I will uproot the Vajjians, I will utterly destroy the Vajjians, I will bring utter ruin upon the Vajjians!"

So much for the violent spirit of King Ajatashatru. Now for his deep reverence for the Buddha, and his willingness to profit by the Buddha's limitless wisdom and insight. Having thus declared his hatred of the Vajjians, Ajatashatru, King of Magadha, thus addressed his Brahman Chief Minister, whose name in the dialect of Magadha was Vassakara, that is, Rain-maker:

"Go thither, Brahman, where the Buddha is in residence, and having gone thither, on my behalf bow down at the feet of the Buddha, and wish him health and well-being, bodily vigour and ease. Then say to him, 'Sir, the King of Magadha, Ajatashatru, son of the princess of Videha, is determined to attack the Vajjians, to uproot the Vajjians, utterly to destroy the Vajjians, to bring utter ruin upon the Vajjians.' When you have said this, pay close attention to whatever the Master says, and bring word of it to me, for a Tathagata, one who has come as his predecessors came, cannot possibly speak anything but the truth!"

"So be it, Sire!" said Vassakara the Brahman, the Chief Minister of Magadha, obedient to King Ajatashatru; and causing carriages to be made ready, he entered one of the carriages and set forth from the city of Rajagriha toward the mountain Vulture Peak. So far as the way was passable for carriages, he proceeded in his carriage; then descending from his carriage, he went forward on foot to the place where the Master had his abode. Approaching the Master, he profferred to him the greetings of courtesy and friendship, and, having courteously greeted him, he seated himself at one side. And when he had seated himself at one side, the Brahman Vassakara, Magadha's Chief Minister, thus addressed the Master:

"Sir Gotama, Ajatashatru of Magadha, son of the Videha princess, is determined to attack the Vajjians, to uproot the Vajjians, utterly to destroy the Vajjians, to bring utter ruin upon the Vajjians!"

At that time it happened that the noble Ananda was standing behind the Master, fanning the Master with a palm-leaf fan. The Master thus addressed the noble Ananda:

"Have you happened to hear, Ananda, whether the Vajjians meet together frequently in concord and harmony?"

"I have heard, Sire, that the Vajjians meet together frequently in concord and harmony!"

"So long, Ananda, as the Vajjians continue to meet together frequently in concord and harmony, so long, Ananda, may the increase of the Vajjians be looked for, and not their decline. Have you happened to hear, Ananda, whether the Vajjians meet together in full accord, rise up together in full accord, and carry out their work in full accord?"

"I have heard, Sire, that the Vajjians meet together in full accord, rise up together in full accord, and carry out their work in full accord!"

"So long, Ananda, as the Vajjians continue to meet together in full accord, rise up together in full accord, and carry out their work in full accord, so long, Ananda, may the increase of the Vajjians be looked for, and not their decline. Have you happened to hear, Ananda, whether the Vajjians refrain from making laws that have not hitherto been made, and at the same time refrain from breaking the laws that have been made, acting in accordance with the ancient Vajjian laws of righteousness?"

"I have heard, Sire, that the Vajjians refrain from making laws that have not hitherto been made, and at the same time refrain from breaking the laws that have been made, acting in accordance with the ancient Vajjian laws of righteousness!"

"So long, Ananda, as the Vajjians refrain from making laws that have not hitherto been made, and at the same time refrain from breaking the laws that have been made, acting in accordance with the ancient Vajjian laws of righteousness, so long, Ananda, may the increase of the Vajjians be looked for, and not their decline. Have you happened to hear, Ananda, whether the Vajjians, regarding such revered ancients as may be among the Vajjians, confer benefits upon them, greatly esteem them, showing them honour and respect, and give due weight to their wise judgments?"

"I have heard, Sire, that the Vajjians, regarding such revered ancients as may be among the Vajjians, confer benefits upon them, greatly esteem them, showing them honour and respect, and give due weight to their wise judgments!"

"So long, Ananda, as the Vajjians, regarding such revered ancients as may be among them, confer benefits upon them, greatly esteem them, showing them honour and respect, and give due weight to their wise judgments, so long, Ananda, may the increase of the Vajjians be looked for, and not their decline. Have you happened to hear, Ananda, whether among the Vajjians there is forcible abduction of the women and girls of their families?"

"I have heard, Sire, that there is no forcible abduction of the women and girls among the Vajjians!"

"So long, Ananda, as there is no forcible abduction of the women and girls

among the Vajjians, so long, Ananda, may the increase of the Vajjians be looked for, and not their decline. Have you happened to hear, Ananda, regarding the shrines that are among the Vajjians, whether within their abodes or without, whether the Vajjians confer offerings upon them, greatly esteem them, showing them honour and respect, not stinting the offerings and service which have been offered and rendered from of old?"

"I have heard, Sire, regarding the shrines that are among the Vajjians, whether within their abodes or without, that the Vajjians confer offerings upon them, greatly esteem them, showing them honour and respect, not stinting the offerings and service which have been offered and rendered from of old!"

"So long, Ananda, as, regarding the shrines that are among the Vajjians, whether within their abodes or without, the Vajjians confer offerings upon them, greatly esteem them, showing them honour and respect, not stinting the offerings and service which have been offered and rendered from of old, so long, Ananda, may the increase of the Vajjians be looked for, and not their decline. Have you happened to hear, Ananda, whether among the Arhats of the Vajjians the law of righteousness is kept, concerning things enjoined or forbidden, whether Arhats from other regions come to their realm, while those Arhats who have thus come, dwell serenely in their realm?"

"I have heard, Sire, that among the Arhats of the Vajjians the law of righteousness is kept, concerning things enjoined or forbidden, that Arhats from other regions come to their realm, while those Arhats who have thus come, dwell serenely in their realm!"

"So long, Ananda, as among the Arhats of the Vajjians the law of righteousness is kept, concerning things enjoined or forbidden, so long as Arhats from other regions come to their realm, while those Arhats who have thus come, dwell serenely in their realm, so long, Ananda, may the increase of the Vajjians be looked for, and not their decline."

And so the Master addressed Vassakara the Brahman, the Chief Minister of Magadha:

"Once upon a time, Brahman, I was at the city of Vesali, at the Sarandada temple, and there I taught these seven salutary rules of righteousness to the Vajjians; and so long, Brahman, as these seven salutary rules of righteousness shall stand among the Vajjians, so long as the Vajjians shall continue in these seven salutary rules of righteousness, so long, Brahman, may the increase of the Vajjians be looked for, and not their decline."

When the Master had thus spoken, the Brahman Vassakara, the Chief Minister of Magadha, said this:

"By keeping even a single one of these salutary rules of righteousness, Sir Gotama, the increase of the Vajjians might be looked for, and not their decline; much more when they keep all seven righteous rules. Therefore it is certain, Sir Gotama, that the Vajjians cannot be overcome in war by Ajatashatru, king of Magadha, except through diplomacy or by fomenting discord among them. So now, Sir Gotama, we must be going, for we have many things which must be done!"

"Do whatever thou judgest to be timely, Brahman!"

And so the Brahman Vassakara, Chief Minister of Magadha, well pleased and approving what the Master had said, arose from his seat and departed.

There is a highly coloured and enthusiastic account of the visit which the Buddha spoke of, to the city of Vesali, in the *Dhammapada* Commentary already referred to. We are told that the town was magnificent and wealthy, that it was ruled by seven thousand, seven hundred and seven princes, the same Vajjians whom King Ajatashatru had it in his heart to attack and subdue; that these princes, who took turns in exercising supreme power, had each his palace and his park. The city was close to the bank of the Ganges, and the Buddha made his approach by boat, along the great river, attended by five hundred disciples and splendidly received by the princes and peoples of Vesali.

The sevenfold precepts which he framed for the Vajjians are of great interest and value. We remember that, before reaching supreme enlightenment, Siddhartha had been a prince, the heir apparent of a kingdom. In these precepts we have the rules of government which he might have followed, had he become a temporal ruler. But there is a still deeper interest. Underlying each of these rules of policy there is a spiritual principle, a principle of conservation, valid for such a movement as that in which we ourselves are taking part. Each one of the rules may well be considered in this light, with the question, to what degree we are adhering to the spiritual principle involved.

Some such reflection concerning the spiritual application of the rules he had just formulated, seems to have come into the Buddha's mind, for the story continues:

And so the Master, not long after the Brahman Vassakara, the Chief Minister of Magadha, had departed, thus addressed the noble Ananda:

"Go thou, Ananda, and as many disciples as are in residence in Rajagriha, do thou assemble them in the hall of services!"

"So be it, Sire!" the noble Ananda replied, obedient to the word of the Master, and as many disciples as were in residence in Rajagriha, all these he assembled in the hall of services; then, coming to the place where the Master was, and making salutation to the Master, he stood on one side and spoke thus to the Master:

"Sire, the Order of disciples is assembled. Let the Master now carry out his purpose!"

And so the Master arose from his seat and, going to the hall of services, seated himself on the seat which was prepared for him, and, having seated himself, the Master thus addressed the disciples:

"I shall teach you seven salutary rules of righteousness, disciples; heed them well and inscribe them on your hearts as I speak them!"

"So be it, Sire!" the disciples responded to the Master. The Master spoke thus:

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall meet together frequently, holding frequent meetings, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall meet in harmony, shall rise up together in harmony, and in harmony shall carry out the works of the Order, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples refrain from making laws that have not hitherto been made, and at the same time refrain from breaking the laws that have been made, and shall remain steadfast in the performance of the precepts of the teaching which have been laid down, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples confer honour upon the seniors who have served long, the fathers of the Order, the leaders of the Order, greatly esteeming them, showing them honour and respect, and giving due weight to their wise judgments, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall not come under the sway of the desire of sensation, which arises within them, and which leads to the bondage of rebirth, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall prefer their quiet dwellings in the forest, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples, each one of them, shall practise recollection so that qualified co-disciples may come to join them, and that co-disciples may dwell among them in quietude and well-being, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as these seven salutary rules of righteousness remain among the disciples, so long as the disciples stand firm in these seven salutary rules of righteousness, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"Yet other seven salutary rules of righteousness, disciples, I declare to you; heed them well and inscribe them on your hearts as I speak them!"

"So be it, Sire!" the disciples responded to the Master. The Master spoke thus:

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall not make themselves a pleasure garden of rites and ceremonies, so long as they shall not delight in rites and ceremonies, so long as they shall not be absorbed in rites and ceremonies, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall not make themselves a pleasure garden of talk, so long as they shall not delight in talk, so long as they shall not be absorbed in talk, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall not make themselves a pleasure garden of dreaming, so long as they shall not delight in dreaming, so long as they shall not be absorbed in dreaming, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall not make themselves a pleasure gar-

den of society, so long as they shall not delight in society, so long as they shall not be absorbed in society, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall not harbour sinful desires, so long as they shall not come under the sway of sinful desires, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall abstain from evil friendships, evil companionships, evil associations, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall not seek success in this lower world as their goal, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as these seven salutary rules of righteousness remain among the disciples, so long as the disciples stand firm in these seven salutary rules of righteousness, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"Yet other seven salutary rules of righteousness, disciples, I declare to you; heed them well and inscribe them on your hearts as I speak them!"

"So be it, Sire!" the disciples responded to the Master. The Master spoke thus:

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall be full of faith, so long as they shall be full of humility, so long as they shall shrink from evil-doing, so long as they shall follow after wisdom, so long as they shall be valorous in effort, so long as they shall be instant in recollection, so long as they shall possess discrimination, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as these seven salutary rules of righteousness remain among the disciples, so long as the disciples stand firm in these seven salutary rules of righteousness, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"Yet other seven salutary rules of righteousness, disciples, I declare to you; heed them well and inscribe them on your hearts as I speak them!"

"So be it, Sire!" the disciples responded to the Master. The Master spoke thus:

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall diligently practise the seven members of wisdom, namely, recollection, careful search into the law of righteousness, valour of heart, joy, serenity, contemplation and detachment, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as these seven salutary rules of righteousness remain among the disciples, so long as the disciples stand firm in these seven salutary rules of righteousness, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"Yet other seven salutary rules of righteousness, disciples, I declare to you; heed them well and inscribe them on your hearts as I speak them!"

"So be it, Sire!" the disciples responded to the Master. The Master spoke thus:

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall cultivate discernment of the impermanency of worldly things, shall cultivate discernment of the unreality of the separate self, shall cultivate discernment of the impurity of lust, shall cultivate discernment of the evil fruit of sin, shall cultivate discernment of the abandonment of sorrow, shall cultivate discernment of revulsion from desire, shall cultivate discernment of the cessation of desire, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as these seven salutary rules of righteousness remain among the disciples, so long as the disciples stand firm in these seven salutary rules of righteousness, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"Six salutary rules of righteousness, disciples, I declare to you; heed them well and inscribe them on your hearts as I speak them!"

"So be it, Sire!" the disciples responded to the Master. The Master spoke thus:

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall establish and preserve among co-disciples brotherly love in bodily acts, brotherly love in acts of speech, brotherly love in acts of mind, both openly and secretly, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples, concerning whatever good things they may receive, righteously gained, in the case of such things received, even if it be only a bowl of food, shall divide them without partiality, considering them as joint possessions of the co-disciples, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall keep the precepts unbroken, inviolate, undistorted, unspotted, the precepts which make for liberation, which are revered by the wise, uncoloured by desire, conducive to contemplation, accepted by all, guarding them among the co-disciples both openly and secretly, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as the disciples shall preserve the noble teaching which leads to salvation, to the complete destruction of sorrow for him who lives obedient to it, so long as this teaching shall be accepted by all the co-disciples both openly and secretly, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline.

"So long, disciples, as these six salutary rules of righteousness remain among the disciples, so long as the disciples stand firm in these six salutary rules of righteousness, so long may the increase of the disciples be looked for, and not their decline."

There, verily, the Master, dwelling at Rajagriha, on the mountain called Vulture Peak, addressed to his disciples this teaching abounding in righteousness, saying: "This is right conduct, this is contemplation, this is wisdom; contemplation enriched by right conduct bears much fruit and many blessings; wisdom enriched by contemplation bears much fruit and many blessings; the heart which is enriched by wisdom is altogether set free from the poisons, to wit, the poison of lust, the poison of the desire of life, the poison of false beliefs; the poison of unwisdom."

FRAGMENTS

The Three Vows

HE whose heart and mind have turned with longing to the intimations of the inner life about him, he who feels the drawing power of a higher way called discipleship, can enter thus upon its strait and narrow path.

He will strip himself. One by one he will cast aside his attachments; some with a sharp wrench of pain, others by slow starvation. Yet as he does this he must replace them; his affections must not wither, hanging rootless in mid-air, but be replanted in reality. In the soul of things must he find their beauty, not in their exterior expression.

One by one he will despoil himself of the trinkets and jewels with which circumstance has bedecked him. One by one he will relinquish his habits of life and thought. One by one he will shake off his faults by recognition and detestation of them, and his virtues by seeing their littleness and sham. All these things he will do by removing himself from them. Much will have to remain, but he will not be there.

This process may be swift, or it may be slow: with some it has taken many lives; others have accomplished it in a quick gesture of realization. However that may be, it has to be accomplished in absolute completeness; and he who seeks discipleship must face the finality of this judgment. One tiny filament of material attachment will make his other sacrifices null and void: the divine Law understands and loves too perfectly, not to be implacable.

For the soul, enamoured of the Master, despoils itself of all for his dear sake, who first despoiled himself for sake of us; and into the soul, empty of all that is natural to it, the Master will pour that which is supernatural, that which is of the divine. Nor can this be done for him until he finds all his joy and deepest satisfaction in so emptying himself that he may so be filled.

Then God's angels, looking upon him, shall murmur among themselves: Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Interest in any thing outside of God, outside of Divine Wisdom, *for its own sake*, is impurity.

So the disciple first despoils himself; then turns aside, withdraws into his own inner centre, unites himself there with the light which is his Master's

light. Living in that light, he finds it to be everywhere, about him as well as within.

At this point he may safely go forth, for he will go forth with the light and in the light and as the light; the husks and shells of things will no longer distract or entice him, he will see them to be husks; and, as like seeks like, he will regard only that which is of the light,—only that, be it great or small, in which he finds the pulse of his Master's spirit.

Then, in the eyes of God's angels, he is chaste.

In this manner he acquires obedience, by means of which he began; at that time a blind obedience to a vision or higher impulse, which, steadfastly pursued, has brought him to oneness of will and desire with his Master's will and desire, through the power of the inner light, itself but a facet of the Eternal Radiance.

Now he realizes that he has taken the three vows; and, with the two-edged sword of obedience in his hand, is ready, valorously yet humbly, to undertake the tasks of his discipleship. He has entered into life, whether in this world or some other world, and all the spaces of the universe are for his conquest and his delight.

CAVÉ.

EGYPTIAN SOURCES OF GREEK THOUGHT

Although the Logos is common to all, yet most men live as if each had a private wisdom of his own.

HERACLITUS.

SCHOLARS too often view the early philosophy of Greece through the deflecting medium of Aristotle's criticism. Aristotle, whose life overlapped the great period of Hellenic genius, seems to have failed more or less completely to understand most of his predecessors. Intellectually a Titan, he was deficient in the more subtile power of the understanding which enables its possessor to discern between the real and the unreal. Thus, whenever the Ionian cosmologists spoke of "water" or "fire" as the "first principle" in Nature, Aristotle interpreted their words in the most literal sense. He classified them without hesitation as both naïve and materialistic.

As a matter of fact, there is evidence that the Greek philosophical systems originated as commentaries upon still earlier systems, and that the cosmologists, like Plato, adapted to their use the symbols and the technical language of the Mysteries. More specifically, the debt of Greek to Egyptian thought has been persistently underestimated. The connection between Greece and Egypt seems to have been closer during the Pre-Homeric Age than subsequently, but Egyptian influence was a tangible quality even during the "classical period", as is proved by the account of the initiation of the great Pythagoras in the Egyptian wisdom.

We can test the tradition that his geometrical discoveries were based upon his Egyptian instruction. Mathematical papyri have been found, and it is certain that the Egyptians used geometrical principles in the construction of the Pyramids and in the solution of practical problems, such as the measurement of fields after the annual inundations of the Nile. Historians have pretended that the Greeks were the first people to elevate mathematics into a pure science unalloyed by practical considerations; but recent research indicates that the Egyptians had reached this height of abstract thought fourteen centuries before Pythagoras. For example, in a scientific periodical there is the following statement which the authors support by proof: "The Egyptians some two thousand years before the Christian era set up equations of a purely algebraic type" (*Science*, Sept. 27, 1929; art. on "The Michigan Papyrus, 620", by L. B. Karpinski and F. E. Robbins).

There were other "historical" Greeks who visited Egypt in quest of knowledge: Thales, "the first philosopher"; Herodotus, "the father of history"; Solon, the Athenian law-giver, who was Plato's "authority" for the story of Atlantis. Both Solon and Herodotus returned to Greece with the conviction

that in the remote past the Egyptians and the Greeks had been intimately associated. The priests of Saïs, with whom Solon conversed, referred to a time when the two nations were, in some way, related by the bonds of a common religion (*Timæus*, 22, 23). Herodotus states that the Pelasgian or archaic Greeks gave no names to their Gods, until they were ordered by the Oracle of Dodona to adopt the titles proposed by the Egyptians (*Euterpe*, 53, 54).

Greek and Egyptian myths reveal many correspondences, and it is especially significant that the Greeks themselves identified the Mysteries of Eleusis with the Mysteries of the Egyptians, saying that Demeter was Isis and that Dionysos was Osiris (cf. Herodotus: *Euterpe*, 154). A French scholar, Paul Foucart, has undertaken to prove that Herodotus was repeating a genuine tradition when he said that the founders of the Eleusinian Mysteries consciously used the pre-existing model of the Egyptian worship of Isis and Osiris.[1]

It is impracticable to discuss his thesis in great detail, and the reader is referred to his work, which is a treasure-house of data revealing the very intimate association of the Egyptian and Ægean civilizations. He offers evidence that the Egyptians of the Eighteenth Dynasty were overlords of the Ægean region, including Crete and other islands and the Asiatic mainland; also that at various times actual Egyptian colonies were founded in Greece proper, as is suggested by the myth of Danaos and Ægyptus.

"A stela found in the temple of Amen at Karnak, now in the Museum of Cairo, has preserved a poem composed in celebration of the victories of the great conqueror, Thothmes III. The King is represented adoring Amen, and the God replies to him: . . . . 'I have enabled thee to defeat those who dwell in the islands; the people who are in the midst of the Great Green (the Mediterranean) hear the roar of thy voice.'" The texts and monuments "attest that the Pharaohs of the Eighteenth Dynasty (1580-1350 B.C.) subjected to their power the coast of Syria, the littoral of Asia Minor and the islands to the south, as well as the archipelago of the Ægean Sea." There is an inscription: "The chiefs of the Keftiu (Cretans) and of the isles . . . arrive in peace". These Keftiu carry vases and wear the Mycenæan costume. They resemble the urn-bearers of Knossos. We even know the name of the governor of the Ægean under Thothmes: Thoutii (*Les Mystères d'Eleusis*, 4-8).

These Egyptian references to the Ægean have been corroborated, in a measure, by discoveries in Crete and elsewhere. Thus, a statuette of Amen has been found in the grotto of Dicte, and a seal of Queen Tiy at Hagia Triada, near Phæstos. The most interesting find at Knossos was the lower part of a diorite statue which has been attributed by Griffith, Petrie and Budge to an artist of the Twelfth Dynasty or Middle Kingdom (2000–1788 B.C.). The commercial intercourse between Egypt and Crete has been revealed by the presence of Cretan vases at Kahun and Abydos, in ruins and tombs of both the Twelfth and the Eighteenth Dynasties (*op. cit.*, 13–16).

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[1] *Les Mystères d'Eleusis*, by Paul Foucart, Member of the Institute and Professor at the Collège de France: Paris, 1914.

Among the discoveries at Mycenæ, Foucart notes especially a little vase of blue enamelled faïence bearing the impression of the *cartouche* of the famous Pharaoh, Amenhotep III (1411–1375 B.C.). At Eleusis itself, in the lowest stratum of the excavations, the Archæological Society of Athens unearthed, among other objects, a scarab bearing a typical Egyptian design: the hawk, emblem of Horus, the uræus and the solar disc (*op. cit.*, 8–11, 19–23).

Foucart might have strengthened his argument by attributing more significance to the evidence of Græco-Egyptian relations long antedating the Eighteenth Dynasty. Thus we read in *Egypt and Western Asia*, by L. W. King and H. R. Hall, that "Egypt and Crete were certainly in communication in the time of the Twelfth Dynasty and quite possibly in that of the Sixth or still earlier. We have Third Dynasty Egyptian vases from Knossos. . . . In fact this communication seems to go so far back in time that we are gradually being led to perceive the possibility that the Minoan culture of Greece was in its origin an offshoot from that of primeval Egypt . . . ." (p. 128, *seq.*). Maspero infers that there is mention of the Ægean race in the Pyramid Texts of the Sixth Dynasty, and during the Middle Kingdom they were given the common designation of "Haui-nibu", "Peoples beyond the Seas" (*Dawn of Civilization*, p. 391).

There can be no doubt, in the light of these archæological data, that the Egyptians, during their periods of political and commercial expansion, exchanged ideas as well as commodities with the Ægean nations. Also, there can be little doubt that they gave more than they received, by reason of the greater prestige of their own civilization. During most of the Hellenic or classical period the Egyptians were passing through a cycle of isolation, in spite of the efforts of the Saïtic Pharaohs to establish Greek colonies in the Delta. Like the Chinese of the Nineteenth Century, they were contemptuous and suspicious of foreigners, and only a few determined individuals, like Pythagoras, seem to have been able to break down the Egyptians' reserve. But the Egyptian attitude towards foreigners appears to have been quite different in the expansive days of the Empire, and if we accept the tradition that Demeter was Isis, we are justified in believing that the Egyptians actually introduced wheat into Greece and also imparted to certain favoured Pelasgians the Mysteries of Nature and of the human soul, "the first provocation to philosophy."

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In Alexandre Moret's *Mystères Egyptiens*[2] (pp. 105–142), there is a chapter upon "The Mystery of the Creative Word." Professor Moret assembles a group of Egyptian texts which make manifest the outlines of a consistent metaphysical system, and this system is shown to be a formulation of the so-called Logos Doctrine.

The Logos Doctrine was the theme of Hermetic and Gnostic speculation. It was ever-present as the controlling thread of Alexandrian philosophy, from Philo Judæus to Synesius. It was incorporated in the Fourth Gospel and provides the key to much that would otherwise be obscure in the Epistles of St.

[2] *Mystères Egyptiens*, by Alexandre Moret, Professor at the Collège de France, Paris, 1923.

Paul. Moret is convinced that these developments of Græco-Roman and Hebrew thought, especially in the field of Hermetic literature, were directly inspired by the metaphysical traditions of ancient Egypt. But there are also analogies, which Moret does not suggest, between the texts which he cites and the cosmological speculations of early Greek philosophy. At least, a new light is cast upon the surviving fragments of that philosophy, if they be interpreted hypothetically as expressions of the same general ideas which are recorded in the Egyptian documents.

The student of Theosophy dares to offer this hypothesis, which may seem preposterous to "orthodox" scholars, because he believes that both the Egyptians and the Greeks were trying to put into words the universal teaching of the Logos Doctrine, the teaching that the Universe is embodied Consciousness. He feels no surprise when he discovers traces of the Logos Doctrine in Egypt, for he respects the tradition that Egypt was once an active centre of the Lodge, and it has been said that wherever the Lodge has established its power, we find its sign-manual in some expression of the Logos Doctrine. In the same spirit, he frankly expects to find traces of the Logos Doctrine in the early thought of Hellenic Greece, for—again, according to a tradition which seems reasonable to him—the Hellenes were under the protection and tutelage of the Egyptian Lodge.

Among the texts cited by Moret, he makes particular mention of the Nesiamsu Papyrus which was actually written at the beginning of the Ptolemaic Dynasty (c. 300 B.C.), but the original of which "certainly dates from the New or Theban Empire (1600–1200 B.C.)". Although this period did not coincide with the age of Egypt's supreme spiritual glory, it was a time of great expansion, as has already been said. It was, in fact, during these centuries that the Pharaohs established their hegemony over the Ægean peoples, and much of the evidence of Egyptian intercourse with the Pelasgians dates from the reigns of Thothmes III (1501–1447 B.C.) and Amenhotep III (1411–1375 B.C.). It appears probable that many Egyptian ideas entered the currents of Greek thought during this period, and that these ideas came to the surface in the days of Thales and his successors eight centuries later,—provided that we refuse to take seriously the possibility that Thales and others studied the "sources", at first hand, in Egypt.

The Papyrus begins, paraphrasing the Pyramid Texts, with a description of the eternal substance in its primordial state. "There was then neither heaven nor earth, nor had (even) a worm or a reptile been created." The germs of all things rested in a condition of inertia or darkness (*nenu*), blended together in the depth of an abyss called the *Nun*, or the *Waters born of the Nun*, or the *Abyss of the Nun*. Moret notes that in Coptic translations of Genesis, the word "Nun" is used to denote "the deep".

In the Nun floated an undetermined divine spirit containing within itself the seed or potentiality of all future existences. This spirit was not defined as separate from the Nun, for the Egyptians recognized no distinction between divine consciousness and divine substance. Therefore, that which floated in

the Nun was the Nun itself, for what else could it be? Nevertheless, for demonstrative purposes, a special name was given to the potency in the Nun which causes the germs of things to grow and to acquire *formal* existence. This name was Tum, a word signifying both "non-being" and "totality". The Nesiamsu Papyrus affirms that in the Nun "there was no point where Tum could hold himself"; in other words, the Divinity was omnipresent, and its image was the mystical circle whose centre is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere.

The Nun resembles Mûlaprakriti or Svabhâvat, the abstract *Space* of Eastern philosophers. One recalls the first Stanzas of Dzyan: "Naught was . . . . the Visible that was and the Invisible that is, rested in Eternal Non-being—the One Being. The Hour had not yet struck: the Ray had not yet flashed into the Germ" (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893, I, 56–57). The Egyptian texts do not seem to express definitely the concept of alternating æons of manifestation and non-manifestation, like the Indian Manvantaras and Pralayas, save in so far as they often suggest "the idea that every being and every thing exist eternally in the Nun and return to the Nun after death" (Moret, *op. cit.* 110). Also, according to the symbolic myth, the Sun-God is re-born daily by virtue of his power to undergo each night the ordeals of initiation in the kingdom of death, and the Egyptian cosmologist can scarcely have failed to recognize a correspondence between our terrestrial days and nights and cosmic sequences of light and darkness.

The Nesiamsu Papyrus records, in vivid phrases, the first movement in the Nun towards creation or manifestation. Tum desired "to establish in his heart" all that which was to exist. Seeking existence, "he stood upright in the midst of that which was in the Nun; he stood upright outside the Nun and outside the things which were inert." In the Leyden Papyrus, it is said that Tum "ascended" above the primordial waters, "exalting himself upon his throne, according to the act of his heart."

The universality of the symbolism, in spite of its unique Egyptian form, must be apparent. Tum is "the spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters," as he is the Indian Nârâyana, "the Spirit which is invisible Flame, which never burns, but sets on fire all that it touches, and gives it life and generation" (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 686).

The Egyptians most frequently represented this emergence of Tum from the "waters of space" as the creation of Light. Tum rose above the "desert" of non-being, as the Sun rose daily above the desert to the east of the Nile. He was transmuted, for creative purposes, into the shining form of the Sun-God, *Ra*. In the earliest known Sun-Hymn of the Pyramid Age, the God is saluted as "Tum who became himself". That which was in essence "Non-being" because it was "the one Being," became manifest as the First of a series of "beings." In this connection, it is interesting to note that in the Kabalah, Light had a special meaning, signifying the Sephiroth, the differentiating potency in Nature, the Manifested Logos (cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 41–42).

As Tum, the Unmanifested, was one with the eternal Nun, so Ra, the Manifested, was one with Tum. The undivided and partless Divinity, Tum-Ra,

merely "externalized himself by the power of creative desire." When submerged in the Nun, he is compared to "a falcon which closes its two eyes; if he open them, he is above the water, and the Sun, his right eye, is shining." Or Tum is like a lotus beneath the surface of a pond; when the flower emerges, as is stated in the Pyramid Texts, "Tum the Beautiful (*Nefer-Tum*) rises from it and becomes the Sun" (Moret, *op. cit.*, 111–112).

The emblem of the hawk is also found in the Indian scriptures, and the lotus is preëminently a universal symbol. "Whether as the Lotus or water-lily, it signifies one and the same philosophical idea; namely, the Emanation of the Objective from the Subjective, Divine Ideation passing from the abstract into the concrete or visible form. For as soon as Darkness, or rather that which is 'Darkness' for ignorance, has disappeared in its own realm of Eternal Light, leaving behind itself only its Divine Manifested Ideation, the Creative Logoi have their understanding opened, and they see in the Ideal World, hitherto concealed in the Divine Thought, the archetypal forms of all, and proceed to copy and build, or fashion, upon these models, forms evanescent and transitory. At this stage of action, the Demiurge is not yet the Architect. Born in the Twilight of Action, he has yet to perceive the Plan, to realize the Ideal Forms which lie behind in the bosom of Eternal Ideation, just as the future lotus-leaves, the immaculate petals, are concealed within the seed of that plant" (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 407–408).

Nefer-Tum, born from the Lotus, is one with all the great creative Gods. He is Brahma, the formative Power, and he is Lakshmî, the female or manifested aspect of Vishnu, who is also called Padma, the Lotus, and is shown floating upon a Lotus-flower in the Ocean of Space.

Before proceeding with the study of the Egyptian texts, let us consider whether the Nun has any recognizable counterpart in early Greek philosophy. The first cosmologists of Ionia, according to Aristotle, "were content to seek a material first principle as the cause of all things . . . . Thales, the originator of this kind of philosophy, declares this principle to be water" (*Metaphysics*, I,3). It is futile to enter into an argument with Aristotle, but a completely new line of investigation is opened, if we adopt the hypothesis that the "first principle" of Thales was not physical moisture but primordial substance which is said to have been symbolized in the Mysteries by water.[3] We know so little about Thales' cosmogony, that it makes, perhaps, very little difference what may be our interpretation of his particular meaning. However, there is a certain advantage in orienting one's course judiciously at the start.

This advantage becomes noticeable when we consider the better-preserved system of Anaximander of Miletus (c. 570 B.C.), who was the successor of Thales. Anaximander taught very definitely that the "first principle" was no one of the elements now recognized. He named it *to apeiron*, the boundless, the undetermined, the infinite. "The boundless is unbegotten and indestructible.

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[3] "'Waters' and 'Water' stand as the symbol for Âkâsha, the 'Primordial Ocean of Space', on which Nârâyana, the self-born Spirit, moves. . . ." (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 494).

. . . From this eternal principle was separated at the creation of the world something generative of heat and cold" (quoted by C. M. Bakewell: *Source Book in Ancient Philosophy*, 4–6). Moreover, this substance was of spiritual essence: "This is the divine, for it is deathless and cannot be destroyed."

The expressions of the sage are characteristically Greek, both more abstract and more fluent than the Egyptian sentences, but is it not conceivable that Anaximander and the author of the Nesiamsu Papyrus were meditating upon the same beginningless and endless Mystery? We may call this Mystery "the deep" or "the boundless", but difference of title can have no significance, for the essence of things, as the Egyptians said, cannot be defined by any name (Leyden Papyrus).

A later Greek philosopher, Heraclitus of Ephesus (c. 505 B.C.), identified the "first cause" of being with the principle of fire. "This universe", he said, "the same for all, no one, either god or man, has made; but it always was, and is, and ever shall be an ever-living fire, fixed measures kindling and fixed measures dying out" (Bakewell: *op. cit.*, 30). It is incredible that this passage points to the fire which we see with the eye of the flesh. To what, then, does Heraclitus refer, if not to the equivalent of Ra, the manifested Solar Fire, reflecting the unmanifested Fire, Tum? A modern physicist has remarked that the concrete is not the real. Heraclitus expressed the same idea: "The hidden harmony is better than that which is obvious." It is recommended that the student give Heraclitus and Anaximander and Thales the benefit of the doubt, and assume that they may have spoken with a deeper meaning than Aristotle discovered. In any case, such an assumption may reveal aspects of Greek genius which have not been generally suspected.

It is said that the agent of Tum's Self-creation is his Voice or Word. In the Leyden Papyrus we read that the Demiurge "has said his forms." In the Nesiamsu Papyrus, the Creator affirms that "He has created all forms with that power which went forth from his mouth when there existed neither heaven nor earth." Moret remarks that this identification of the Divine Word with the creative potency was by no means a late modification of Egyptian thought, for it is clearly denoted in the Pyramid Texts.

"His word is a substance", said the devotee in a Hymn to Amen-Ra. In the Leyden Papyrus, this theme is developed in a magnificent passage: "The God appeared upon his throne, when his heart so desired. Then were all beings in silent stupor before his force. He uttered a cry, like a great bird, and the cry was heard everywhere. He uttered a cry, and he was alone. In the midst of the silence, he began to speak. He began to cry aloud; the earth was in silent stupor; the deep sound of his voice circulated. There was no second God with him. Giving birth to beings, he provided that they should have life."

However, this God, though a Creator, is not a "Personal God" isolated from his creation. He is the united life, the synthesis of all beings, and the creatures which are emanated by his Word, are themselves the vehicles and containers of his consciousness. "Ra has made of all his names the cycle of the Gods. He has spoken his members" (*Book of the Dead*).

There is reason to believe that the Egyptians, like the Hindus, regarded sound as the audible symbol and sign of the vibratory force which underlies the apparition of form in Nature. God "geometrizes", to use a Pythagorean term. This suggests what may have been the immediate origin of some of the fundamental ideas which Pythagoras brought from Egypt. Pythagoras illustrated his doctrine by means of "numbers". The "harmony of the spheres" and the orderly progression of forms, both celestial and terrestrial, were conceived as manifestations of divine numerical ratios and sequences, or as a mystical conversion of arithmetical into geometrical truth. Modern physicists, who reduce the phenomenal world to a complex of mathematical symbols, are the inheritors of a line of thought which was initiated or rather transmitted by the Pythagoreans. One ventures to suggest that it was derived from the Egyptian doctrine of the Creative Word. If the Word be vibratory energy; if each mode of that energy be determined by the *number* of its vibrations per unit of time, and finally, if each number or proportion between numbers be the *noumenon* of some corresponding form, the deductions of Pythagoras were, in a sense, inevitable, so inevitable that it appears very probable that the Egyptians themselves must have discovered them. They may even have used them as the basis of the abstruse calculations of astronomical cycles shadowed forth in the orientation and construction of the Great Pyramid and other edifices.

Some Egyptologists have rashly assumed that the Egyptian mind did not clearly discriminate between a word and the thing which it denoted. Like the Aryans of Vedic times, the Egyptians are said to have believed that correct enunciation of the name of an object endowed the speaker with magical power over the object. This belief may be less naïve than it seems, since the enunciation of a word inevitably sets in motion currents of sound-waves which can affect the molecular constitution of bodies with which they come into contact. There are laboratory experiments which attest the potencies of sound.

However, Moret shows that the Egyptian philosopher conceived the vibratory force of the word as an emanation or expression of consciousness. Like the Fohat of Eastern Occultism, the force which proceeds from Ra-Tum is "the 'bridge' by which the Ideas existing in the Divine thought are impressed on Cosmic Substance as the Laws of Nature" (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 44).

Moret cites a text from the tomb of a priest of Memphis who died during the reign of Shabaca (c. 700 B.C.), a text which is evidently the copy of a more ancient original.

"He (i.e. the Supreme God) is first in the heart and in the mouth of every God, man, animal . . . who live only by virtue of the faculty of thinking and of enunciating everything which pleases him . . . the tongue gives birth to the Gods, to Tum and to his Ennead,[4] and thus every divine word is formed in the thought of the heart and (then) emitted in speech. The word creates beneficent forces and appeases what is harmful . . . the hands act, the feet move, all the members of the body are stirred, when the tongue speaks the word, the thought

[4]The Ennead was a group of nine Divinities. The first God of the Ennead was, in a sense, the synthesis of the group, the other Gods being his emanations or "members".

of the heart." Moret quotes Maspero's commentary upon this passage: "According to our author, every creative operation must proceed from the heart and from the tongue, and be spoken inwardly or *thought*, before it is enunciated outwardly in words. . . . Things and beings spoken inwardly exist only in potentiality: in order that they may attain actual existence, the tongue must solemnly speak them" (Moret, *op. cit.*, 123).

Moret expresses the opinion that the theologians of Memphis represented the Supreme God under the form of a metaphysical Trinity: Ptah, the united creative potency, manifesting himself through the agency of the divine heart (Horus) and of the divine tongue (Thoth). This "Triad" of Memphis appears to have been the forerunner of the Hermetic Trinity which may be said to have passed without essential modification into the Nicene Creed: Creative Wisdom (*nous*), Reason (*logos*) and Spiritual Force or Substance (*pneuma*).

One may also recognize in the Egyptian insistence upon the priority of consciousness in creative activity, a prototype of Plato's "theory of Ideas". One is not disparaging the genius of Plato, by suggesting that his Ideas or Archetypes translate into "terms of consciousness" the Pythagorean Numerals, and that the primary substance of his thought was derived from Egypt, either through Pythagoras or through his own acquaintance with the teachings of the Mysteries.

In every complete statement of the Logos Doctrine, the Divine Word is represented in a dual relationship to the world. Thus, the Universe or Macrocosm is described in the Egyptian cosmology as the manifested form or body of the Divinity. In the words of Heraclitus quoted above, "the Logos is common to all." But there is also a special relation between the Logos and the Microcosm, the human soul, which is, in a sense, the "personal" emanation of the Logos, as the Macrocosm is an "impersonal" emanation.

The microcosmic aspect of the Logos Doctrine is expressed in St. John's Gospel by the sentence: "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us." Before St. John, there appears in the system of Philo Judæus, the idea that the Logos is the mediator between the hidden, ineffable Divinity, and mortal natures. Similarly, in the Hermetic scripture, *The Divine Pymander*, the Logos assumes the form of the Shepherd of mankind. The Indian belief in the cyclic appearance of Avatars is based upon the same conception, for the Avatar is the Logos incarnate in an individual human form.

There can be no question that the Egyptians believed that the Word could become flesh. Osiris, the mystical Dionysos of the Greeks, was a God who became a man, in order that men themselves might become divine. In the Seventeenth Chapter of the *Book of the Dead*, Osiris identifies himself with the Logos in the following terms: "I am Tum, I am he who existed alone in the Nun. . . . I am the great God who creates himself, I am Nun, the father of the Gods. . . ." Assuming the guise of a human king, he established the arts and sciences of civilized life, passed through the experience of physical death and dismemberment, and finally acquiring personal immortality by conquering the powers opposed to man, he became the saviour of his followers from mortality and corruption.

The saving grace of Osiris was made possible by the fact that human nature contains within itself the potentiality of becoming self-conscious divine nature. This potentiality was said to reside in the Khu principle, literally "the luminous", which is defined by Professor Sayce as "a link between men and the gods", and as "a spark of that divine intelligence which pervades the world and to which it must return" (*The Religion of Ancient Egypt*, 61, 63). The Khu, therefore, resembles the Monad (Atma-Buddhi) of the Eastern Wisdom.[5]

It would seem that the Heart (Ab) corresponds to the idea of personality or Manas. Professor Breasted says that the Egyptians constantly used this term, Ab, to denote the seat of the mind or "invisible intelligence" or, more generally, of "consciousness and feeling" (*Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt*, p. 59). It is interesting to compare Breasted's statement with a diagram in *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 670, in which the Ab is given as the "middle principle" between an upper and a lower "triad".

In the Judgment Hall of Osiris there is a great balance, a long beam with two scales, in one of which the Heart of the dead man is placed, in the other, the feather of Maat or Truth. The "unjustified dead" is separated from his "higher principles" and delivered to a monster in attendance, the "Devourer". The "justified" receives back his heart and the Divine Scribe, Thoth, announces: "His Heart is Maat." In other words, personal immortality or blessedness may be said to depend upon the ability of the Ab to manifest in physical existence the divine and eternal nature of the Khu. In so far as this process is perfected, the man is changed into a God. He is "Osirified", taking the name and sharing the consciousness of the Master, of the Logos. The supreme objective of the Mysteries of Osiris in Egypt, and of Dionysos in Greece, appears to have been the realization of this divine union by the Initiate before the death of the physical body.

There is frequent reference in Egyptian texts to the identification of the regenerated man with the Immortal who stands "at the head of his ray." The Pharaoh, in his representative capacity, was addressed as the incarnation of his Patron, the Sun-God. He was "the son of a God" and "one with his Father in Heaven." Similarly, the participant in a religious ceremony possessed, during the celebration of the rites, the attributes of the God to whom he sacrificed. Moret describes such a ceremony, the offering of the statue of Maat, and links it with the "Mystery of the Word".

The Egyptian metaphysicians taught that when the Logos emanated the souls of men and Gods, it also emanated a substance which would provide them with the nourishment necessary for growth. The Egyptian word for food was *per-kheru*, which means "emission of voice", and as in the Upanishads, food seems to have been a symbol of spiritual experience and also of the World-Soul.

The daily bread of the Gods was Maat, Truth, Justice, Reason. But Maat was also a Goddess and, like the Indian Vach, the mother or daughter of the

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[5]Gerald Massey must be quoted with caution, but there is material for meditation in his tabulation of the Egyptian "seven principles of man". He calls the highest principle Atmu. Atmu is another form of the word, Tum (cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 669, *seq.*).

Divine Word. She was the eternal companion of Thoth-Hermes, the Instructor and Initiator, whose services were needed in the transformation of the mortal into the Immortal.

The suppliant who offered a statuette of Maat was supposed to assume the "personality" of Thoth-Hermes. Moret quotes the following prayer addressed to the Supreme God (*op. cit.*, 133–134):

"I come to Thee, I who am Thoth, with hands united, bearing Maat. Maat has come that she may be with Thee. So come the Gods and Goddesses who are with Thee, bearing Maat. They know that Maat is Thy life. Thy right eye is Maat. Thy left eye is Maat. Thy body with its members is Maat. The vesture of Thy members is Maat. Thy food is Maat. Thy drink is Maat. . . . Thou hast existence, because Maat exists."

He who would commune with the Gods must nourish himself with the food of the Gods which is Truth. Moreover, Truth meant not only conformity of a mental or verbal image to objective fact. It signified, in equal measure, conformity of the personal will to the Divine Will, conformity of individual action to the design of the Logos. We must use at least three words to translate the word, Maat,—Truth, Justice, Reason.

The Egyptians believed that every act, as well as every word, had creative potency and left its record upon the soul. When the soul stood in the Judgement Hall of Osiris, this record of its deeds determined its fate, from which no escape was possible. Every man was, therefore, his own judge, the generator and executor of his own "Karma".

One can recognize the importance of the Egyptian term, *Maa-Kheru*, "true of voice" or "just of voice". The "true of voice" were "the Gods, the King who is a living God on earth, the dead who have earned Paradise, . . . finally, living men in a state of grace. . . ." To be "true of voice" is to speak and to act with the consciousness of a God, "to have at one's disposal the Creative Word which gives all power at every moment and on every occasion" (Moret, *op. cit.*, 136, 137).

The student of Plato cannot fail to recognize certain analogies between the thought of the great philosopher and the Egyptian view of the soul's nature and destiny. Like the Egyptian psychologists, Plato defined personal immortality as conditional upon the ability of the human personality to transform itself into a perfect image or reflection of the "Higher Self", which is eternal in essence but not necessarily Self-conscious. There is a well-known passage in the *Phædrus*, in which he compares the Self and its vehicle to a charioteer and a pair of winged horses. "Now the winged horses and the charioteer of the gods are all of them noble, and of noble breed, while ours are mixed; and we have a charioteer who drives them in a pair, and one of them is noble and of noble origin, and the other is ignoble and of ignoble origin; and, as might be expected, there is a great deal of trouble in managing them" (Jowett's Translation, p. 551). The charioteer, like the Khu, is "a link between man and the gods", and belongs by right of birth to the retinue of Zeus or some other Divinity. The horses are intended to execute the will of the charioteer, for they corre-

spond to the Ab or personality, but too often they represent a state of consciousness which is partly good and partly evil, and in which the evil, passional element may at any instant get the upper hand and run away with the chariot.[6]

Moret quotes from this same section of the *Phædrus* to illustrate the virtual identity of the images used by Plato and by the Egyptian suppliant to describe the nourishing power of Truth. "In the region above the heavens", said Plato, "is the place of true knowledge. And as the divine intelligence, and that of every soul which is rightly nourished, is fed upon mind and pure knowledge, such an intelligent soul is glad at once more beholding being; and feeding on the sight of truth is replenished. . . . This is the life of the gods" (Jowett's Translation, 552–553).

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These fragments give a faint idea of the Egyptian Wisdom. Also they should enable us to re-discover forgotten meanings in Greek thought, so that we can better appreciate what is most valuable in the treasure which we have inherited from the Greeks. The object of comparing Greek and Egyptian concepts is not primarily to prove that the former were derived from the latter. That is a worthy undertaking for scholarship, provided that it does not degenerate into pedantry; but the real end of the student must be to use Egyptian thought to illumine Greek thought, and vice versa, in order that we may understand more clearly what we owe to both.

In this article, an attempt has been made to outline certain directions of research which suggest that the study of Greek philosophy may be enriched by interpreting its major conceptions in the light of the more ancient metaphysics of Egypt. The opposite course might be pursued with equal profit. For example, both Pythagoras and Plato taught Reincarnation in terms which recall the systems of ancient India. Egyptologists as a class pretend that the Egyptians had no notion of Reincarnation, at least until after the Persian Conquest (525 B.C.) when Indian influences seem to have affected Egypt in various definite ways. But, perhaps, if they actually tried to find more evidence of an early Egyptian belief in Reincarnation, justifying their search by the hints found in Greek writers, they might be successful. It is certain that an ancient tradition affirms that the Egyptians, like other great races of antiquity, accepted the doctrine of Reincarnation as a matter of course.

One may mention a concrete instance of the assistance which Egyptologists have received from students in the Greek field. Moret, Ménard, Flinders Petrie and others have been convinced that the so-called Hermetic books transmit many genuine Egyptian traditions. It was partly, at least, as a result of this conviction, that the Logos Doctrine of ancient Egypt was reconstructed from the texts in an intelligible form. It is always helpful, when one is seeking something, to have some general notion of what it is one is seeking.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

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[6]Plato's theory of the fall and travail of the human soul is somewhat reminiscent of *The Virgin of the World* (*Korē Kosmou*), an Hermetic scripture probably based upon an Egyptian original of the Sixth Century B. C. (W. H. Flinders Petrie: *Personal Religion in Egypt before Christianity*, 38 *seq.*).

BEAUTY IN WAR

For there is nothing better for a warrior than a righteous battle.

BHAGAVAD GÎTA.

AT many of the meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society during the past season, the topic under discussion was Codes of Honour, and it was shown that such codes have filtered down to man from the Lodge. While filtering down, it is probable that some of the original nobility of these codes has become warped. Nevertheless much of that nobility seems to have remained, fortunately for man. The legends of King Arthur, of Roland, the story of Bayard, as well as countless other stories of chivalry, of bravery, of daring, of courage, of self-sacrifice in a noble cause, indicate that such is the case.

It was made clear at these New York Branch meetings that Codes of Honour are based upon the idea of self-surrender for something that is more worthwhile than self; which means self-spending. The desire to spend himself, which in origin is divine, is inherent in man. Recognizing this inherent desire, it is probable that the Great Ones have purposely provided man with Codes of Honour so as to furnish him with that which is noble on which to spend himself. It has been said that the child, before the taint of the world's materialism has had a chance to gain its hold on him, is often closer to the real than is the mature man, and we know how the young like to hear tales of brave deeds and noble acts, and the genuineness of their love and admiration for the heroes of such tales. Youth invariably sides with the one who "grows stronger as the odds grow heavier."

At one of the meetings referred to above it was said that the warrior is the saviour of the world, and that the pacifist has not a chance. Codes of Honour appeal to the soul of man, to the warrior within man. Though much of the time unconscious of it, man welcomes that which gives him the opportunity to express the warrior through the spending of self; as, for example, in war.

In the February, 1930, issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* there was an article entitled "Beauty In War," which is significant as having been written by a pacifist and because of its direct bearing on the inherent desire in man to spend himself. It is from that article that the title of the present one is borrowed. It is in no spirit of criticism of the author, Mrs. Harriet Keen Roberts, that her article is now used as a means to make clearer the need of man to express the warrior. On the contrary, there is much in the article to commend it and its author to all who believe that the purpose of life is the development of the soul. Mrs. Roberts has discovered for herself much that is fundamentally sound and true, even though, being a pacifist, she has had to look over the fence from the wrong side in order to do so. Therefore her main conclusions

are based on misconception; but having discovered for herself, without the aid of Theosophy, so much that is true, one is inclined to believe that her conclusions would be quite different, perhaps entirely reversed, were she fortunate enough to be brought into touch with theosophical philosophy. "Beauty In War," though written for the benefit of those who work for peace—for peace at any price, it seems—has nothing maudlin in it, nothing to appeal to the sentimental mother who "didn't raise her boy to be a soldier."

Through her experience in working for peace, in "trying to secure new members for the League of Nations Union," the author evidently has written the article to point the way to her fellow-workers toward a better method of presenting their cause. This she attempts to do by showing the appeal of war, and thus, presumably, to put into their hands what would seem to be a valuable weapon. But it is doubtful if she really puts any such weapon into their hands, for her presentation of the appeal of war is so real, that it strikes too deep to be effective when used against war. Her appeal is to the souls of men.

"Beauty In War" begins by quoting from Mr. Ernest Raymond, the author of *Tell England*, a war-book which has been widely read and praised. "War has no validity in reason, in selfishness, or in religion; it has a strange and awful validity of beauty." Students of Theosophy will not agree with all of Mr. Raymond's statements, for example that "war has no validity in religion." Moreover one does not have to be a student of Theosophy to disagree with such a statement, for anyone calling himself a Christian can hardly give it his approval if he but stop to realize that his religion was founded on the teachings of a Warrior of Warriors, whose life stands as an epitome of righteous warfare. Among other things is not the Christian Bible, Old Testament and New, a treatise on war? If all reference to war, and to man's spending himself in conflict, were eliminated from its text, how much of it that is worth-while would remain, if anything?

The quotation from Mr. Raymond continues, "As men of reason we scoff at it [war]; as men of business we fear it; as men of religion and good will we loathe it; and as artists we love it." Here again I would interrupt the quotation, for if our religion and our good will mean anything, we cannot loathe war. We can and should loathe with our whole being, war that has as its motive selfishness and aggression and oppression. But there is war and war, just as there are books and books, or dogs and dogs, and part of the trouble lies in the fact that mankind does not differentiate. That a neighbour has a dog that is constantly poaching, is no reason for condemning dogs wholesale. The selfish motive of the Germans in starting the World War and the atrocities committed by them during it, are no reason for condemning all war or wars. Mr. Raymond speaks truly when he states "as artists we love it." As artists we should and do love the cause for which the Allies fought, and the kind of war the Allied armies waged, for that is righteous warfare, against the selfish aggressor and oppressor.

But to continue the quotation: "Our response to the sudden fact of war is a response of thrilled emotion, an æsthetic delight, a self-yielding to some dark

allurement more powerful than all reason, and contemptuous of all expediency. . . . At last, at last we are living *deep*. . . . It is not the ape or the tiger in us that leaps to the call of war, but the poet."

It is these last two sentences and what is expressed by them that Mrs. Harriet Keen Roberts takes as the theme of her article "Beauty in War," particularly the words "living *deep*." She points out that the same note was sounded early in the World War in Rupert Brooke's sonnets, "though in them there was as much joy at escape from the old life of peace as of joy in the new life of war." What different life of peace do the pacifists offer now? Small wonder that many welcome escape from it, for they live it as a dull and drab proposition or else over-hectically and lacking in purpose. Even the lower nature of man may at times become surfeited with such existence and welcome escape from it, welcome identification with the higher nature and the opportunity of co-operating with it in an emergency, such as war.

It seems that Mr. Galsworthy replied to Mr. Raymond, taking exception on the grounds that Mr. Raymond was describing a love of thrill, a "sensation-craving," and insisting that the average man "had not this temperament of the gambler and hero." Mrs. Harriet Keen Roberts considers that Mr. Raymond comes nearer to expressing the hearts of men than does Mr. Galsworthy in his reply. She writes, "to deny that thousands and thousands of ordinary men who enlisted, at any rate in the early days of the war, 'to save Belgium,' . . . felt what Mr. Raymond describes is to miss the true inner meaning. . . . It seems to me of immense importance that we should realize what are the strongest weapons of the forces that fight against peace; and that they are forged by man's higher, not by his lower, nature."

Then follows the strongest part of what Mrs. Roberts has to say. It will be seen that she forges a weapon which is definitely for use against the shallowness of peace, at least against the advocacy of peace at any price. If the purpose of her article were not the attempt to turn such a weapon to the account of the pacifists, one might well believe her to be a staunch supporter of war as necessary to the development of the soul.

"Man is himself a contradiction, a balance of opposites. He is an animal with the self-preserving, self-seeking instincts of an animal who is fitted to live on this earth and in time; but he has also a soul,—which we may call his higher nature, if we choose,—which has other needs than those that can be gratified by self-seeking, which compels him to desire to live by other standards than those of the natural man, and which is always, unless suppressed by custom, fear, or selfishness, aspiring toward the life outside time, the life of eternity. When a man cares so much for something outside himself and his own interests, something which he believes to be good and true, that he is willing to give up everything that the natural man longs for and knows to be necessary, even the life of the body itself, he finds suddenly that he knows what was meant by the mysterious dominical saying, 'He that loseth his life . . . shall find it.' When he has, by his own will, chosen, if need be, to sacrifice his natural life, he realizes that he has found his supernatural life; and, perhaps again, perhaps for the

first time, he knows that this is his *real* life, that only now is he truly and absolutely happy, only now, as Mr. Raymond says, is he 'living *deep*.'

"The soldier, as Ruskin insisted, is not a man who goes out to war to kill, but a man who goes out to war prepared to die, and it is this truth that gives to war its most lasting authority. . . . We can but acknowledge that this strange losing of the natural life and finding of the supernatural *can* be found in war. . . . For the great majority of men, who must spend their lives working for their livelihood and that of their families, who have not a great or trained religious sense, it is not easy to take that perilous passage from the natural life to the life above nature. Nothing forces them to see its truth and its validity so effectively as the sudden terrible necessity of war. Then they *must* choose, and they find that they care for justice, for mercy, for their country, their fellow men, their homes, enough to be willing to die for them. . . . We who long for peace and work for peace must not forget that if we deny that man's higher nature can be expressed in war, we may make the ordinary man feel that pacifists are an ignoble and blinded lot."

Though readers of the QUARTERLY may not agree with all that Mrs. Roberts says in the foregoing, there is, nevertheless, so much of the real and true in it and in other parts of her article, that one cannot but wish she had carried the theme higher and deeper. Perhaps that is wishing too much, for after all she is concerned primarily with forging a weapon for use by those who work for peace. A large part of the remainder of her article is given over to this, and it is here that the directness and the strength of her appeal ceases. One has the feeling that Mrs. Roberts has uncovered for herself that which applies to the soul, but that, dominated by the cause for which she works, she has tried to turn to the account of peace the "truth that gives to war its most lasting authority." It is where this endeavour is made that her argument becomes weak. For example, in speaking of the "losing of the natural life and the finding of the supernatural" in war, Mrs. Roberts tries to use this for the pacifists as follows: ". . . but we can also point out that it is found far better in peace, that it is found less frequently in war, for there men are being constantly pulled back to their lowest natures by the terrible need of killing, or the horror and ugliness, the monotony, suffering, and exhaustion of war."

What Mrs. Roberts has here said of war applies equally to peace, because it applies to corporeal life. Millions upon millions of men and women have known exhaustion, suffering, monotony, in their daily lives, and ugliness and horror too. It is only necessary to read the daily newspapers to know that life to many must be a thing of horror and ugliness. Except for the very young, who has not known exhaustion, felt the pangs of suffering, participated in the monotony of the daily grind? Life is a training school, and the purpose of the training is for the development of soul, and the training goes on whether or not one's native country happens to be at war or at peace, so called. Mrs. Roberts speaks of "men being constantly pulled back to their lowest natures" in war. This statement, too, is true of peace, for it is true of life. It seems to be a part of the process of the training school, for men rarely make the transfer of con-

sciousness from the lower to the higher nature in one step and so that it remains fixed and permanent. Now and then there may be a Saul of Tarsus, but only now and then. For man in general that transfer is a gradual and sometimes a tedious stepping-up, and is subject to constant 'pull-backs' and must be accomplished despite them. All 'pull-backs' must be surmounted if the soul is to come into its own, those of war and those of peace, which is only another way of saying, those of life.

Man cannot know peace while the lower nature dominates, for, as Mrs. Roberts points out, his nature is dual; and the lower is the usurper. Until the warrior, the soul, has regained the sovereignty, man must remain at constant warfare with himself. It is really within man that the battle-field of the world lies, and until the individual man, the god, gains the ascendency and conquers man the brute, war must remain concurrent with life. Herein is contained the answer to the concluding sentence of "Beauty In War": "We must desire peace as a positive thing, not as a mere negative absence of war, but rather as a glorious war, the only war possible for civilized people, a war against slums, poverty, ignorance, cruelty, and injustice, a war in which man may, without any shame or hesitation, sacrifice his natural, selfish, greedy, ease-loving life and find the beauty, the power, and the truth of that supernatural life of love." But even here, where the endeavour is to make a real plea for peace, the author finds it necessary to have recourse to the word *war* no less than five times. Small wonder it is, for life is war; an ugly war to some, but a glorious war to those who are consciously fighting the battle of the eventual supremacy of the soul.

Though much that Mrs. Roberts has to say is not new to students of Theosophy, it has significance as coming from one who has discovered for herself the "lasting authority of war" through her work for peace. Her article shows that she must have done much serious thinking on the subject, but at the same time seems to indicate that she finds herself perplexed, which, in the circumstances, is to be expected.

Where to look for the answer to the quandary with which a pacifist finds herself confronted in the "lasting authority of war"? It is to be sought and found in the inherent desire in man to spend himself, which desire, as has been said, in origin is divine. Spending is the natural law of life. The Supreme, the One, spends somewhat of itself that itself may become manifest. The whole outward and downward progression into manifestation may be termed a logical and a coherent series of self-spending, for each plane is a projection of the plane next above. The same is true of the inward and upward progression back to the One, for each plane is nourished by the plane next below; itself spending itself that itself may meet itself coming down from above on a higher plane and thus have life more abundant. So the Supreme, the One, spends itself in order to become manifest, and through spending, in various manifested forms, to become enriched by the experience gained. There is no real experience without the spending of something. In another set of terms it might be said that God created the universe through the utter need to spend himself. So

the pacifists are out of step with universal law which is based upon spending, either because they do not know of it, or because it is not understood. One cannot understand any deep human instinct, such as man's desire to spend himself in war, in conflict, and therefore his innate love of the same, unless and until one traces it back to its divine origin, and then up from infancy through all the stages of man's growth.

Though not at all times conscious of it in these terms, it is natural and necessary for man to spend himself all the way from the cradle to the grave. The infant yells till it is exhausted. In this way the infant expands its lungs and, some say, is thus helped to grow. Considering the natural law of life it would seem that this is so. Youth spends itself on games. Here the spirit of competition may enter, but does youth derive real satisfaction till he has spent every ounce of himself in an endeavour to win? A well-known long distance runner once said that he would rather lose in a close finish than win in a walk. Naturally, because the latter does not give him enough opportunity to spend himself. The true artist spends, the true scientist, orator, poet, author, musician. Many of man's masterpieces have come from garret-rooms and bread-and-water diet; and so on up the scale of every human desire until there is reached what may be a necessary preliminary to chêlaship:—that a man, driven by this inherent and divine desire to spend himself, spends all, empties himself of life itself on the field of battle, and derives supreme satisfaction in doing so. It is possible for man to do this short of physical death. Here would be an explanation of the unrest which usually follows a period of war; for even though he has not completely emptied himself of physical life on the field of battle, man finds ordinary life flat and drab in comparison, unless he has discerned the higher form of spending, for he instinctively looks around for new worlds to conquer, instinctively searches for a way to spend himself which will be more complete than the way of physical death. His experience on the field of battle has enabled the warrior within to regain enough of a hold so that, although unaware of it in these terms, the man is restless because he cannot find a way to lose his life that he may find it, which can only be accomplished by spending self until he empties himself of self in chêlaship.

It is only through spending that man can empty himself of self, and only as he empties himself of self is there room for something else. But he must spend himself unstintingly and unselfishly for that which is noble, such as a Code of Honour, otherwise he will be like the man into whom entered seven devils worse than the first. This explains the crime waves so often following in the wake of a war, for there are those who do not spend themselves enough, or in the right way, in war, to enable the warrior to regain sufficient hold; so their post-war state is worse than was their pre-war state. For such the best medicine is more war or wars until they can learn more about spending; and learning more, spend more, so that the warrior may have the opportunity to take hold.

The lives of most men are without any real purpose or cause. War supplies them with such. Hence a reason for its "lasting authority". The sudden fact of war brings man face to face with the smallness of self, and the pettiness

and the selfishness of existence lived for self. War gives him the feel of the soul, of the warrior within: he welcomes it as something worth living for and dying for; as something in which he can satisfy the inherent desire to spend himself, to empty himself, if possible, and thus to become aware of the warrior coming into his own.

As we look back, over the ages, we find centuries in which science predominated, some in which philosophy predominated, some in which art predominated, and so on; but throughout them all we find war. It will continue to be so until the soul, the warrior, regains the proper and lasting sovereignty. Till then it is foolish, in a deeper sense perhaps even blasphemous, to talk and to work for peace at any price. Life is for the purpose of the soul, of the divine warrior, and such a peace is against the interest of life, is against the warrior, is against God. Till the warrior comes into his own there must be war in the inner world, and as long as there is war in the inner world, there can be only an ephemeral peace on earth; for there is nothing better for a warrior than a righteous battle.

So "the warrior is the saviour of the world, the pacifist has not a chance."

G. M. W. K.

We hoard our youth, we hoard our youth, and fear it,
But you, who freely gave what we have hoarded,
Are with the final goal of youth rewarded—
The Road to travel and the Traveller's spirit.—

UNKNOWN.

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.
Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.—

"1914"; RUPERT BROOKE.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

Life's a voyage that's homeward bound.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage,
Ou comme celui-là[1] *qui conquit la toison.*

JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

Non è pileggio da picciola barca
quel che fendendo va l'ardita prora,
nè da nocchier ch'a sè medesmo parca.[2]

DANTE, Par., XXIII, 67.

COLERIDGE'S "Rime of the Ancient Mariner", published in 1798, in company with Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey", was composed during the golden sojourn which the two young men made in the southwest of England. Each had passed his twenty-fifth year. Through the generosity of his friend, Poole, Coleridge had found a refuge for his wife and infant in Poole's village, Nether Stowey, and then discovered, some fifteen miles distant, the companionable brother and sister. Their magnetism made fifteen miles seem but a stroll, and before long Coleridge began to appear daily at the Wordsworth cottage, arriving for breakfast and leaving in starlight. When it seemed likely that this "continuous performance" might last for an indefinite period, common sense suggested that the more movable of the two families concerned, should abridge the distance between domiciles; accordingly, through Poole's interposition, Wordsworth and Dorothy obtained, not far from the village, the comfortable home of some gentlefolk.

Their respective mansions were but sleeping posts whence the three, "three people, but only one soul" (Coleridge's words), issued for the serious business of their life, rambles over hill and stream. The sister noted with quivering sensitiveness the faint and fleeting impressions of colour and sound, as well as the permanent aspects of the country-side, and the two men put her vivid sensations, each with his own, into a secret alembic, thence to be distilled as poetry. While thus they roved, and pondered old philosophies, the men spun, from the distaff of their brains, their paltry theory of verse composition, divid-

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[1] Jason.

[2] "It is no coasting voyage for a little barque, this which the intrepid prow goes cleaving, nor for a pilot who would spare himself."

ing between them, with youthful self-confidence, Apollo's broad domain, Wordsworth taking for his patrimony the realm of actual inc dent, and Coleridge claiming the region of the supernatural. Thus, at twenty-five, they portioned the estate of gods and men. All the time, at their side, unnoticed, moved the humourful Muses and Fates, spinning, from their distaff, subtile and potent threads of incantation. From this interplay of human and divine action, there was made a texture that is indeed a living vesture of Truth.

Two bits of narrative supplied Coleridge with his germinal notion: Wordsworth told him a story of sailors who killed an albatross at Cape Horn, and another friend related a dream of a phantom ship. Through and across these two threads the Nine and the Three Weird Sisters have woven the whole story of human fate.

As "Tintern Abbey" is a pæan sung upon the return to harbour of a certain goodly brig, by name, the "William Wordsworth," so Coleridge's poem is the log of *brigs in general*, of all craft that survive the welter of the sea. While the poem is thus a history of man universal, the mariner who makes the voyage is no abstraction, but a concrete and substantial human being, who, when water fails, moistens his lips with blood sucked from a bite into his own arm. His very name and local habitation are known to us. His is a most ancient family, their name—Prodigal; their blood, of richest and deepest blue, won their crest and title, "Pilgrim of Eternity", manvantaras ago. Many are his given names, since, at the christening of a new-born patrician babe, no uncle or aunt of that deep-rooted and many-branched family may, without grave risk, be unrepresented. From those rich and resonant, as well as mellifluous and multitudinous names, it suffices to mention a few only, which tell at once their own story and the mariner's, giving, as they do, succinctly, all details of ancestry, environment, and up-bringing, which, in customary biography or fiction, require chapters to unfold. The mariner's name is (the periods standing for less renowned forebears): Lucifer . . . Adam . . . . Ulysses . . . Augustine . . . Francis of Assisi . . . Dante . . . John Bunyan . . . Francis Thompson; and he is the *n*th (as would be said, mathematically) "Pilgrim of Eternity". Seeing that he is cousin to us all, we can afford to abbreviate ceremonial forms and call him simply and kindly, Adam Ulysses Francis John.

The "Rime", like every other piece of great literature, has several parallel meanings, dependent upon the plane of interpretation. On the Cosmological plane, the mariner represents the Monad leaving the realm of the undifferentiated in order to acquire self-consciousness in a journey through Maya, which, for that very purpose, is projected within the Absolute. This journey is the "Fall into Matter". The Monad has no choice as to its "Fall" since it is Divine Law that drives it to this "adventure". On a lower, and, for us, more practical plane, the mariner represents the prodigal who, bored by the monotony of his ancestral abode, seeks to enliven existence by running off as seaman to foreign ports, where he will see the world, "enjoy life", and gain understanding of human nature. The mariner-prodigal accordingly sets sail:

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.[3]

In the words, "kirk", "hill", and "lighthouse", the symbolism is sufficiently obvious; they stand for the higher levels from which the prodigal is descending to the sea-level of psychic life. On that sea of glamour, he makes several discoveries.

He finds, first, that its prevailing wind is Changefulness, blowing from extreme to extreme, from black horse-hair sofas to raspberry bath-tubs, from the tyranny of a single ruler to the tyranny of a mob ruler.

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand.

. . . . . .

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

From *constant change*, there are two consequences, of which the first is *a loss of the sense of true value*. So far as any domain of earth conforms itself to the divine order, the prevailing wind of that region is the *test of experience*. Has some course of action proved beneficial in the past? If so, in the future, likewise, a continuance of benefit is to be expected. Experience discerns the existence of laws, and order and law become deeply revered as paramount obligations from fulfilling which one dares not swerve in disobedience, save at the behest of some higher sanction which as yet may not have revealed itself. "At sea", experience is rejected as a thing of no value, and change is prized *for its own sake*, and not because it effects any amelioration. If the question: "has a thing proved good?" be answered affirmatively, those at sea draw a conclusion exactly the opposite of that established ashore. "Discard it", they argue, "in order to acquire something better". "Has the nation stabilized itself under a monarchy? Away, then, with the monarchy, and, under republican forms, look for ten-fold improvement." Where the wind of *Changefulness* blows, *novelty* takes the place elsewhere occupied by *true value;* of some untested thing, the worshippers of change deem it sufficient to say: "It is different"; their *ergo* is: "it must be better than what it sets aside". The three Platonic epithets, True, Beautiful, Good, are all replaced by the detestable word, "interesting". Desire for what is novel goes so far, that, in all of the arts, what is false, hideous and vile, can, for a time, show its face, because of those who, having lost the sense of values, find "interest" in new forms of ugliness.

[3] *Coleridge's Works* (ed. Harper), Vol. VII, p. 230.

The casual killing of the albatross illustrates the worship of novelty.[4] In a realm of law and experience, the sportive bird that

every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo,

would have its ordered and respected niche, respected, though its function were of no more importance than sportiveness. But seamen desire to "improve" upon that older order. An albatross playing on the deck! Why? It may hold some secret. Who can vouch for that antique tradition that ambergris comes only from whales? Why may not an albatross be ambergris from beak to claw? Kill it and find out. You never can tell till you try. The discovery may be worth a thousand pounds to you, and prove of incalculable benefit to humanity. So there's an end to the bird.

The bird's dead body. Who has not known a struggling artist with whom it was a lively pleasure to compare observations, discussing likes and dislikes? By and by he attains success, according to the world's judgment, and becomes important enough to manage some large exhibit. Try then to discuss likes and dislikes with him. It is much more than that he *dares not*. In becoming *professional*, in shifting from foot to foot, in trimming off here and trimming off there from his standards, to satisfy (by compromise) those of the market, whose rating of him he craves, the would-be artist actually loses the feeling of what he likes. He has to wait to be told by his infallible gods—the experts of the newspapers (see records of Duveen vs. Hahn). He carries from his neck the dead body of art—its slave; all that was alive and pleasure-giving in it, is dead. What hundreds of people carry from their necks the dead body of music, of literature, of travel! The true artist, on the other hand,—a Rembrandt, a Lorrain, or a Turner, a Homer, a Dante,—constitutes himself a minority of one against the world, his vitalizing spirit taking possession of later generations that make contact with his works.

The loss of the *sense of value* is followed by the loss of *the sense of right and wrong*. Mere opinions dominate at sea, which is not the realm of Trut , and those opinions fluctuate with the shifting wind. Floaters and drifters have no *standards*, but in one corner of their mouth, say "Yes", and, in the other corner, "No".

All averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow,
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

[4] For further comment upon the albatross and what it symbolizes, consult *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 388 (3rd ed. or p. 362, 1st ed.). "This simply means that the *ibis religiosa* had, and has, 'magical' properties in common with many other birds, the albatross preëminently, and the mythical white swan, the Swan of Eternity or Time, the Kâlahansa.

"In Egypt, he who killed an Ibis, or the Golden Hawk, the symbol of the Sun and Osiris, risked death, and could hardly escape it. The veneration of some nations for birds was such that Zoroaster, in his precepts, forbids their slaughter as a heinous crime. In our age, we laugh at every kind of divination."

Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist,
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

Changefulness, with its consequences, giving him a false sense of active and vital existence, is the mariner's first discovery. In going to sea, he was seeking *life* —something to enliven the dullness of home, the stupid society of the amiable but boresome old man. Well, here comes *life!* See that friendly sail gracefully approaching—a sail, a sail, with its freight of genial humanity. As it skims on, enveloped in a mist of illusions, it does indeed appear to be a sail—until the light of the Eternal (the sun path) falling upon it, discloses it for what it is—a mere wraith of a ship. Phantoms, phantoms all, those others, and our own brig upon that psychic sea!

Where is the genial crew? Who is that gaunt woman upon the deck, shrieking, "I've won, I've won"? She is both crew and captain of the friendly craft—she is the boon companion who is to enliven the tedious days of the voyage:

The Night-mare, Life-in-Death,

Coleridge names her—the Night-mare that is not at all exclusive in regard to her pastures, grazing, with equal relish, in the Bowery as well as in Park Avenue, in Carnegie Hall as in the vilest jazz hall of Greenwich Village, in the universities as also in the churches, in the garnished gallery of a National Academy as well as in a sordid, modernistic studio, so-called.

Our poor cousin, Adam Ulysses Francis John! Instead of the gay companions he sought, he has found a night-mare hag. With her, as guide, he soon faces the Skeleton himself.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on.

The spectre of the sea has taken ghastly station at his ear, for ever iterating its husky whisper: If a man die, shall he live again? the question to which the sea-plains return no answer, though one cry and cry for satisfaction.

The sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The dead, the dead! *Life* is what the prodigal sought, but he appears to be the only speck of life in a universe of death that is now closing upon him to crush him into union with itself.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea.

Suddenly, around that desperate and lonely man, as suddenly as to the shepherds watching by night in the fields of Bethlehem, there shone a great multitude of the heavenly host,

> A seraph-band, each waved his hand,
> Each one a lovely light.
>
> This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
> No voice did they impart—
> No voice: but oh! the silence sank
> Like music on my heart.

What was it that so suddenly brought these servants of the Lodge to the rescue? Once more he had started upon his weary treadmill, questioning the sky and the sea and the sea and the sky, when, for a moment, his eye was arrested by some fish, leaping from the waves to flash their fins in the sunlight. For the briefest fraction of a moment, he forgot himself and his woes, forgot himself in admiring the gracefulness of their play; and that fraction of self-forgetfulness seemed all that was required to draw from invisibility into open manifestation, the servants of the Lodge, voracious and insatiable hounds—of heaven—starving and athirst for men.

It has sometimes been said that the Lodge asks no more than that we raise ourselves from earthy things so much as a millionth part of a hair's breadth. But did the mariner lift himself that infinitesimal degree? The only effort of which we are aware is that of the leaping fishes. We are accustomed, however, in matters of the inner life, to pride and commiserate ourselves with frequent mention of "our superhuman struggles toward the goal"; whereas, every inch of our spiritual growth is doubtless due to effort made by someone else who, to rescue us in extremity, has left his own sphere—an Avatar, or a fish.

Would it not be interesting to know where, at that moment, crucial for the mariner—the "psychological moment"—were St. Anthony's fish? Those fish that with wide open mouth at Padua, caught his gentle words, refusing to depart until he had made upon them the sign of the Cross, bidding them in farewell, swim through all the world to share their benediction with others. Fish! as Franciscan missionaries, leaping above the waves to hold the Cross before the hopeless eyes of a man in his agony!

When his momentary self-forgetfulness untied the hands of the Lodge chêlas, permitting them to participate actively in the adventure (actively, for can we believe that the mariner was, for a moment, out of their sight after he left home?), there is an immediate change of atmosphere. The *mise-en-scène* is lifted above the slimy things of the sea into the air:

> Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
> I heard the skylark sing;
> Sometimes all little birds that are,
> How they seemed to fill the sea and air
> With their sweet jargoning!

"All little birds that are"; do not those words awaken suspicion? Who were the ringleaders in that sweet jargoning—who? Who, if not the birds of Assisi, those whose portrait Giotto has painted as they sat on the ground listening to "the little brother"? Can you not hear the wren of Assisi as she darted here and there marshalling her contingent for that melody? Who does not know the replies made to her summons? "We're building houses", or "We're minding our babies", or "We've got new-laid eggs". Then her retorts, quick as the lightning: "What's 'building houses', or 'minding babies', or 'new-laid eggs', when there's a chance to win a new brother for the little brother?"

As all life is one, unity, so all literature, the alphabet of life made beautiful (beautiful letters, *belles lettres*), is one, is a majestic organ of countless pipes. The pipes do indeed *colour* the music, but they do not produce it; the music is the breath of the Spirit, a portion of the "Voice of the Silence", broken off from the Silence (just as any colour is a fraction of colourless light), drawn into the pipes, there contracted, and given resonance and timbre according to the size, shape, and metallic content of the pipe's substance. Because that organ of literature is alive, it is never "complete"; it is always growing, always ready to receive new pipes into its elastic and expansible frame, which is so constructed as to hold together, within itself, great units that are in themselves subsidiary and completed organs [Homer, Dante, for example], as well as the faintest piping of "the swallow twittering from the straw-built shed". Because literature is the breath of the Spirit, and the Spirit in no wise curtails its activity as Time fleets away, though men may choke their pipes with irresponsive sand and slime, it follows that a greater than Homer may any morning sing forth like the Memnon of Egypt, provided only that he offer his nature as a passage-way to that musical breath which blows everywhere throughout space. Emerson's well known lines are not a sentimental or "transcendental" fancy but literal fact:

> There is no great and no small
> To the Soul that knoweth all:
> And where it cometh, all things are;
> And it cometh everywhere.
>
> I am owner of the sphere,
> Of the seven stars and the solar year,
> Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
> Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain.

In the organ of literature, as there are certain natural groupings of pipes, it is not difficult to perceive the combination that is to be effected with the mariner's "Rime". Coleridge's jewel—to change the trope—is a pendant to the old pearl circlet stranded by St. Francis, the "Canticle of the Sun and all Creatures". The mariner's closing words are so familiar that it is difficult for memory to dissociate them from Coleridge, but were we to come upon

them unexpectedly, for a "first time", we should assign them to the naïve, mediæval poet of Italy rather than to the renowned English metaphysician, Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

> He prayeth well, who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast.
>
> He prayeth best, who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all.

With servants of the Lodge in control of the ship, our mariner-cousin, Adam Ulysses Francis John, is not long delayed in returning to his own "countree", there to become an evangelist—like so many others of his name, John Baptist and John Divine, John Bunyan and John Donne. Not an evangelist of the market place, for who would unveil Truth to the market ("Wisdom cannot be passed from one having it to another not having it", said Walt Whitman), but the more patient and more deeply-rooted type of evangelist who can stand in his corner, or pass from land to land, his lips tightly closed, until the awaited *one* approach:

> That moment that his face I see,
> I know the man that must hear me:
> To him my tale I teach.

This evangelist does not endeavour to persuade *three* companions. He stoppeth only *one* of three, because restriction as to numbers seems to be of the divine law: "there shall be two men in one bed; the one shall be taken, and the other shall be left. Two women shall be grinding together; the one shall be taken, and the other left" (St. Luke xvii, 34, 35). He stoppeth *one* of three, one who, confused in his sense of direction, is following the bray of a loud bassoon, and hastening to a feast of this world, a feast where

> the bride hath paced into the hall,
> Red as a rose is she.

The mariner-evangelist does that confused man the service of lifting aside for a moment the disguising roses to show the skull which they conceal. He then sends the man in the true direction, toward a festival of the *other* world, a festival that comes down *from on high*, "as a bride adorned for her husband" —the union of the servant with his Lord, of a son with his Father, of a chêla with his Master, of the atom with the Universe.

The "Ancient Mariner" knew that his hearer had received an invitation to the wedding festival "from on high". Knowing that invitation to be a high honour, he was eager that the man should begin the preparation of his

wedding garment, and thus avoid the penalty of being turned out for lack of a suitable garment, when the hour of the festival should strike.

This is the invitation (not engraved and issued by a "committee", but given in person, by word of mouth, face to face) which the Mariner knew that the confused Wedding Guest had received:

My call is the call of battle, I nourish active rebellion,[5]
He going with me must go well arm'd,
He going with me goes often with spare diet, poverty, angry enemies, desertions.
Allons! the road is before us!
It is safe—I have tried it—my own feet have tried it well—be not detain'd!
Let the paper remain on the desk unwritten, and the book on the shelf unopen'd!
Let the tools remain in the workshop! let the money remain unearn'd!
Let the school stand! mind not the cry of the teacher!
Let the preacher preach in his pulpit! let the lawyer plead in the court, and the judge expound the law.
Camerado, I give you my hand![6]
I give you my love more precious than money,
I give you myself before preaching or law;
Will you give me yourself? will you come travel with me?
Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?[7]

C. C. Clark.

[5] "active rebellion", i. e., against the long tyranny of the lower nature.

[6] With what graciousness and intimacy, they speak to us, the servants of the Lodge; even more so, the members of the Lodge themselves: "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends." And is our reply, when so graciously addressed, ever much different from the reply made by the man to the Mariner? "Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"

[7] "Song of the Open Road", Walt Whitman.

WAR MEMORIES

IX

"On Ne Dort Plus À Paris"

I REACHED Paris long after dark—at least it would have been dark, save that a brilliant moon was shining.

"We'll certainly have a visit from the Gothas to-night," I heard someone say as I passed with my porter and my bags down the long platform of the Gare St. Lazare, to the dreary *Salle des Bagages* for the inspection of luggage. I was tired, and I rather dreaded these formalities which can be so very irritating in any country. All the customs officials appeared to be absorbingly busy, and even by cajolery I could not manage to secure the attention of any one of them. The mad gesticulations, and the strident protests of my porter were equally unavailing, so I amused myself by looking about.

"Dear Paris!" I thought, "the old Gare St. Lazare, with its manners and customs, has not changed a scrap. It is exactly as it used to be before the War, and as it probably will be long after the War is over."

Just then my eye caught sight of a large placard, posted conspicuously on a wall; then another, not far off, and then still another; all in bold, clear type which anyone could read who was not stone blind: "*Taisez-vous, méfiez-vous, des oreilles ennemies vous écoutent.*"

"*Tiens!*" I said to myself, "so the Gare St. Lazare is *not* the same as it was. What a pity we could not have had those signs all over Brussels!"

This short legend was my first greeting on arrival in Paris, and later I found that it was everywhere—in hotels, shops, trams, taxis. It seemed almost as prevalent as the French flag itself.

Presently I noticed that the crowd of travellers which had, at first, filled to overflowing the great, dingy customs-hall, was rapidly thinning, and I saw my porter coming toward me with an official in tow. I soon found that by waiting I had gained a point—or for the moment I thought I had—for the examination was perfunctory to an extent which surprised me, and I was so hurried through it, that I had barely time to close and lock my bags again, before I heard a loud voice cry:

"*Lumière!*" and as if timed automatically, all the lights went out, and we were in almost complete darkness.

A dim gas jet in a distant corner still flickered, however; just enough to show me the outline of my porter who had seized my bags, saying:

"*Vite, vite, madame!*"

I felt a bit annoyed. After having been kept waiting all that time, why should I suddenly be hustled like this? For everyone who was left in that hall,

travellers, officials, loiterers, began elbowing and pushing his or her way out, regardless of neighbouring ribs or toes.

"What *is* the matter?" I demanded of my porter, rather indignantly.

"*Mais madame, les Gothas,—mon Dieu!*" he threw back at me, over the peak of my suit case which he balanced on his shoulder, as he scuffled along.

So that was it! We were in for an air-raid, "*au clair de la lune*", and I had been too much absorbed in the customs proceedings to notice the sirens which had been screaming. I had told my porter, during an interval of waiting, the name of the hotel to which I was going, not far off, in the Rue de St. Pétersbourg, up toward the Place de Clichy, and that I expected to walk there, while he carried my bags. I wondered now, a little anxiously, what he would say, with an air-raid threatening, for I knew that on moonlight nights like this one, the raids were sometimes so continuous that, to reach my hotel between them, might be almost impossible. The alternative, however, would mean stopping in the Gare St. Lazare all night, and it was not more than about ten o'clock now. Thus weighing my chances, while following the rapid steps of my porter as well as I could, I heard another aerial signal which, being a new arrival, I could not interpret.

"We are in luck," said my porter in explanation, "our guns have turned them back. We are safe for the moment, but they will return—madame must hurry."

We were at one of the exits of the station now, and we passed quickly out into the darkness of the streets, turning sharply to the left, and so up that gentle ascent. Anyone who has groped his way at night along the Rue d'Amsterdam, under the lee of the gloomy Gare St. Lazare in wartime, will remember how black and unfriendly it was, and how you ran into other night-faring pedestrians before you saw them, or against lamp posts which were almost indistinguishable. Even the clear moonlight did not seem to penetrate that dismal thoroughfare, and I was glad when at last we swung round into the open Place de l'Europe, and so up the hill to my hotel. Just as I reached the door, the *alerte* again broke the stillness; my porter put down my bags in a hurry, gave the entrance bell a furious ring to announce my arrival, seized the tip which fortunately I had ready for him, and thinking that he was now leaving me in perfect safety, pattered away down the street, as hard as he could scurry. I listened to those retreating steps with a sudden feeling of loneliness, for, though I rang again, there I continued to stand, facing fast-closed, inexorable-looking doors which *would* not open. I rang and rang, but no one answered—and meanwhile the sirens wailed, the anti-aircraft guns began to bark, the noise of wide-spread battle came nearer and nearer.

"It looks as if I were 'in for it'", I thought; "a nice welcome Paris is giving me! Why didn't I stay in the Gare St. Lazare?"

Just then, however, the heavy street door swung open, and the outline of an antiquated concierge appeared, faintly silhouetted against an almost imperceptible light in the court behind him; a long, thin arm was stretched out to grasp my bags, and:

"*Entrez, entrez, madame,*" said a hurried voice, and I lost no time in taking cover.

Again that aerial signal! It told us that the enemy planes were once more turned back, and, with that welcome sound, from somewhere out of the gloomy darkness of that small, interior court came panting the stout form of "Madame", the *Patronne* of the hotel, expressing her relief that I had not been caught in the street, and so quite possibly killed.

"What luck!" she puffed wheezily. "Madame must thank the Good God for his mercy."

I did. In fact I already had—several times.

This hotel to which I had come (now filled chiefly with foreigners, I was told) had once been a convent, and we passed from the entrance court into the cloisters, across a little square inner enclosure, and so to the living quarters beyond. It was a delightfully remote spot, in a part of town almost unknown to me, and I congratulated myself on having found such a quiet retreat for the two or three days I expected to be in Paris. It was quite late by now, and being somewhat tired, I asked to be shown to my room at once. So, following the old concierge who had admitted me, I trudged up long flights of stairs (there was no lift) to the top floor, just under the roof, where my "cell" was, and a nice, white, spotlessly clean little cell I found. No one had said a word to me about further air-raids, or what I was to do in case the enemy attacked again, but I had already settled wearily for the night, with tightly drawn curtains to obscure even the microscopic light needed in order to read a few lines before going to sleep, when pandemonium seemed suddenly let loose all about me. First it was the wailing of the sirens all over Paris—a concentrated, nerve-racking howl, and what light I had went suddenly out, as though extinguished by an unseen hand, while on every floor of the hotel, which on my arrival I had thought so restful, deafening gongs sounded. Then down the long corridor into which my bedroom door opened, came running steps, and a loud voice crying:

"*Les avions! Les avions! Descendez—mesdames, messieurs,—descendez s'il vous plaît! Les avions!*"—as though we were not already well aware that the Gothas were once more upon us.

There began a most curious scene—at least it was curious to me, for I had never before taken part in just that kind of performance. On hearing the ear-splitting gongs, and the commanding voice in the corridor, I had jumped up and gone to my door, not knowing just what else to do. As I opened it and looked out, I saw all the other doors in that long hallway fly open at the same moment—all together, like a clockwork safe. There was, of course, only the dimmest of lights, as though a match or two had been struck somewhere, but I distinguished people who had begun to stream out of their rooms in most remarkable states of dress and undress—mackintoshes, too short to cover bare feet thrust hastily into bedroom slippers; a flimsy *matinée* here; a woollen wrap there—everything imaginable (this variegated attire had already come to be known as "*costumes de cave*"); and down the stairs this assorted pageant

began to pass in a kind of matter of fact way, as though going through a fire drill for the thousandth time. I took my cue, and throwing my travelling cape around me, I joined the nocturnal procession, down the long flights which, not an hour before, I had climbed up—down to the second floor, down to the first floor, down to the *rez-de-chaussée*. I supposed, of course, that we would halt here, but, to my surprise, we passed through a narrow opening at one end of the cloisters, and descended still farther,—down little winding stone steps, the scraping of those countless bedroom slippers, "mules" and other foot-gear, making a strangely furtive yet combative sound, like an indignant protest; down we still gravitated, gathering momentum as we went, until at last, like a mountain torrent which has reached the wide lake toward which it has been leaping, we burst into the vaulted crypt where it was damp and cold and dismal enough to weaken the fortitude of the best of us, and there we all gathered, singly or in groups, while outside the raid was already well under way. I had imagined myself more or less immune to air-raids, after six months of them in London, but the fury of the Paris raids has almost obliterated the memory of those on the other side of the Channel. These Paris raids were often really terrific, though they never appeared to be terrifying to the Parisians themselves, and that night I felt that I had my baptism of air-raids, for, as luck would have it, this (to me) remote corner of Paris, was one of the centres of attack—perhaps it was my poor Gare St. Lazare at which the enemy was aiming—the stupefying detonations of bursting shells all around us, shock rapidly following shock; the sound of falling walls and splintering glass which we heard even in our crypt, made me, at least, feel that in a moment more we might well be buried alive down there, underground. That sound of walls crashing down is not pleasant at any time, for one knows but too well what it means; it is particularly unpleasant when you are shut up with many others, in a subterranean vault—for few of us would *choose* to die like rats in a hole. I never went down into that crypt again, although there were more raids that very night, and every night following, so long as the moon lasted. "Light and air are good enough for me!" I thought, and later I found I was by no means alone in this feeling. I believe that "fire drill" had become a kind of habit to many people, a disciplinary act, perhaps, or something of that sort, for if ever the people of any city set the example of an almost classic *sang-froid* in the face of the gravest dangers, it was the Parisians—every one knows *that!* Incidentally, too, that nightly descent into the crypt, at the first sound of the *alerte*, explained why I had had to wait so long at the street doors on my earlier arrival; no one had heard me—all were in the crypt at that moment! The next day I heard that there had been a pitiful toll of life in a little street just back of the hotel, and when I went out and saw the wrecked houses, with their roofs blown off, and their fronts gone; the piles of fallen stone, so high that the traffic was blocked for some time; a bed balanced crazily on the edge of a smashed-in upper story, the bedding still hanging from it as though the occupant had tried hastily to escape; chairs and tables now little better than matchwood, scattered about, or blown by the sheer force of the explosion

out into the street—when I saw all this, I realized just a little what the people of Paris were enduring. And when, night after night, the raids continued, so that at last rest appeared to be the one and only desirable thing in life, I one day said to my old concierge (he had, by the way, five sons fighting at the front):

"But you work all day, and you spend your nights piloting people down into the crypt—when do you sleep?"

"*Ah madame*," he answered, smiling, as though referring to an unimportant fact which did not interest him, "*on ne dort plus à Paris!*", and he turned cheerfully back to his dull, routine work, as though he would say: "Sleep, *hein?* What's that—bah!"

As appears to have been the experience of many others who had known Paris only in pre-War days, I found the great city changed, yet curiously much as it had always been,—in fact just what I ought to have expected. Outwardly it was gay, but what a *proud* gaiety, what a *defiant* gaiety! The real Paris has never yet worn her heart upon her sleeve. None the less, though few were permitted to see them, the wounds were there, just under the surface —could even Paris hide them? Yet, with the same indomitable courage—that courage which turned the tide of the German invasion from her very gates in 1914—she now smiled on, superbly confident, the old, radiant Paris, despite her losses, her ravages, her tears. There were unmistakable new notes though, and they forced themselves upon me as I went along the boulevards, for now I saw only old, old men and women—no, there were the young men too, but they were "*les mutilés*", mere remnants of the youth of France, and in what ancient, shabby uniforms! I asked myself where those strange outfits came from; had they been borrowed from all the museums, all over France? Were they the prized relics of 1870? Then I learned that the supply of "horizon blue" cloth was still in arrears; that the "horizon blue" uniforms were kept only for those who could still fight, the *mutilés* took what could be spared them. And cheerfully they went about the streets—the youth of France—tattered and worn, yet with that superbly confident, defiant air; whistling as they limped, blind, yet singing lustily; and as they passed, children would stop their play to watch this pageant of wounded, crippled youth. All the youth of France—holding the line in the trenches, or sent to the rear, maimed and broken (yet how unbroken!); all the youth of France—dying in hospitals, or out there alone on the wind-swept battlefields, or already dead on the Field of Honour; all the youth of France—from the age of nineteen up—and only old, old men and women left! And those women? What thousands of black-swathed widows I saw! Yet they too carried their heads high; they too were proudly confident—the old notes and the new notes, and everywhere the immortal spirit of France.

Though Paris was still radiant by day, however, after the sun had gone down there were shadows, nothing but shadows, and far blacker than London had ever seen, for even though in the interval between air-raids some of the street lamps were still burning, the glass protecting them had been heavily painted

blue, the result being eerie and depressing. Everything looked strange in this unnatural light, and it was with difficulty that you recognized your surroundings, familiar though they were. As you came upon the Place de la Concorde it seemed like a bottomless, round pit, and if you ventured to cross it, it was more than likely that you lost your way. The splendid Pont de la Concorde and Pont Alexandre III, where in the old days, the brilliant lighting had made them look as though perpetually celebrating some national festival, were now like dark bands of *crêpe* stretched sorrowfully over the river. The Champs-Elysées appeared uninviting, impenetrable,—wherever you went you felt that you had almost to grope your way.

Going out at night was often little less than pure adventure, yet no one seemed to hesitate if he had anything to take him abroad. One evening I had to go on business in the direction of the Châtelet, and wishing to revisit some of my old haunts, I started early to wander along the *quais*, on the left bank of the river—they at least would not be changed, I hoped. To my joy, there were the same ramshackle book stalls, as always miraculously tidy, despite their wild assortment of old prints and books; there were the same old women guarding them; there were the same incorrigible book-lovers, poring over worm-eaten volumes, their shiny, threadbare coats hanging on thin, bent shoulders, old men who could not fight, old books which perhaps only they were wise enough to love. Yet there were others looking at them too, handling them with understanding and affection—the ever-present *mutilés;* groups of youngsters in those shabby, antique uniforms, who, I found on speaking to them, had been students at the Sorbonne. They, too, were revisiting old haunts. And close by, the green Seine flowed smoothly and silently on—I always feel that perhaps no other river in the world carries with it so many long-forgotten secrets. Looking over the embankment wall, I saw the same assiduous fishermen, with their long rods held patiently during hours of waiting (have they ever, through the years, caught so much as a minnow, I wonder?); their meditative backs, broad and immovable as they always have been—certainly this Quarter was not much changed. Following along the river's edge, looking always for the old notes blended with the new, I crossed to the other side, over the Pont Neuf—there, where Henri IV rides gallantly toward Notre-Dame—and once I had reached that enchanted region, how could I make a choice from among the old, dear places? Time favoured me, perhaps, for it was short; darkness was closing in, and I had to keep the tryst which had brought me to this neighbourhood. My business appointment lasted for some time, and returning again into the streets, I found that night had come. I had intended to get home by the "*Métro*", but as I was approaching the Louvre station, hoping on the way to glimpse some of the familiar landmarks, the *alerte* broke short my meditations. No use aiming for the *Métro* now, since it always closed its doors during a raid; all buses and trams were also stopped, and the only taxis or broken-down *fiacres* which came in sight, hurried past, full of home-faring occupants. Nothing to do but to walk—several miles! I hastened along the Rue de Rivoli, therefore, thinking that if the

worst came to the worst, I could at least have the protection of its generous arcades, but as I went I began to notice that there were still many people who, like myself, had been caught in the streets; I noticed too, that many of them seemed to be in no particular hurry to go home—no doubt they disliked crypts as much as I did. So, while the sirens continued to wail (the enemy was still some distance off) I slackened my pace, and strolled on in a more leisurely fashion. The dismal blue street lamps had, of course, been extinguished at the first sound of the *alerte*, and as I passed out of the gloomy shadow of the Louvre, turning in toward the Tuileries Gardens, I saw them stretching pale and lovely in the light of a great, round moon; the pebble-covered paths, and wide, clear spaces gleaming like liquid crystal—a strange, almost diaphanous effect. The Arc du Carrousel loomed phantom-like behind me, and a feeling of intense expectancy was in the air. Then I saw that many people had begun to gather there in little groups, and approaching them, I saw that they were gazing skyward, in the direction from which the sound of the guns was coming; but the sudden glow of a cigarette, a jest and a low laugh, made me realize that this was the way the Parisians were being "intimidated" by the Germans. As the enemy crept stealthily toward us, out of the black distance into which we could not see, it was really a marvellous sight, for the brilliant, upward-trailing flashes from the anti-aircraft guns, the great sweep of the searchlights, cut sharply across the night sky, and then, far, far up among the stars we began to see tiny, moving, gleaming things, like swiftly-moving stars, as the searchlights "picked them up". The French planes were among them, for the heavy "*ron-ron*" of the Gothas, and the quicker pulsing of our aircraft, were easily distinguishable, though the illusive, shifting lights themselves gave us no clue to their own special identity. We watched them all sweeping onwards; we saw them seemingly drawing to a common centre, and we knew that attackers and defenders were locking for a fearful struggle at that stupendous height. Again they separated as though, antagonists being chosen, the challenge to mortal combat had been given. They could be seen making wild flights, gigantic curves, then swooping, soaring, two or three together, in a desperate entanglement; courage pitted against courage, almost certain death as a reward. We saw the quick, sharp blaze of the aerial guns; we began to hear the long-familiar sound of falling bombs; then a distant speck of light came threading its lonely way aloft among the stars, more bombs were dropped, but suddenly, turning in a wide, reckless sweep, it fled hurriedly back in the direction from which it had come, followed by a plane in hot pursuit—perhaps the anti-aircraft guns had reached it. The battle raged on; no slackening of it yet. Then, from opposite sides of the heavens, two flaming sparks hurled themselves at each other with fearful velocity, till they crashed together in a death-grip, and even from that immeasurable distance, I almost thought I heard the echo of a terrific shock. The horror followed, for out of the wide serenity of the star-strewn heavens, almost across the face of the white moon, one tiny star came falling, falling—one tiny, helpless star, separating itself from the million millions all about it. Down, down and ever down it fell, in a frightful, silent,

agonizing descent; whirling, turning, plunging to its destruction. We could not tell whether it was French or German, but while that titanic fall took place, few had time to guess. I heard a low murmur of voices all about me, and then a tense, most painful silence followed, while somewhere, way beyond our reach, we knew that at least two brave men had met an awful death. Slowly, slowly the enemy was pushed back; one by one those swift-moving lights scattered again and disappeared—that night attack was ended; but as we who had been watching it, dispersed, I heard a woman's voice exclaiming: "Oh, pray God they were Germans!"—but no one answered, because no one knew.

My last day had come, and I determined to spend the latter half of it in a place well known to me. There are certain sequestered spots in France to which I have always been peculiarly attracted. One of these is a nameless, crooked little street which winds dreamily past a grey, almost shadow-hidden church, in a forgotten corner of old Paris—forgotten, at least, by those with modern preferences. It is an unpretentious street which, at certain hours of the day, and always at night, seems to be dozing peacefully, dreaming of the past. Many a time, in the tranquil days before the War, I have wandered there—always that particular corner of old Paris has drawn me, though I have never quite known why. But my quiet street was not always sleeping, for I have seen it when it has been very gay indeed; very busy with its humble occupations; very wide awake with its simple human interests, and often I have lingered to chat with those who lived there. At certain hours it has been thronged with busy housewives, their "fish net" bags on their arms, wrangling over high prices at awning-covered stalls, piled high with fruit and vegetables; children just home from school, their pinafores awry, would race happily over the rough and broken pavement, little sabots clip-clopping, school bags aswing; or an aged crone, sitting in the sunshine outside her modest shop, her crisp, white *coiffe* above a tanned and wrinkled face, her deft fingers busy with her needles, knitting, would be ready enough for a gossip with a passing stranger; while a savoury smell from a *marmite* would suggest a happy family life—father and mother and children gathered around a table. No one in this humble street was rich; no one was really poor; all were content. But as I passed sadly along it now, what changes I saw! Many of the little shops were closed; one on a corner, where often I had made purchases, had been demolished by a bomb, and when I asked what had become of the man who owned it, I was told that he had been killed at the front during the first weeks of the War, and that when, later, the fatal bomb had fallen, most of his family had been buried in the ruins. There was no blackbird in a wicker cage outside a well known door, near which I used to loiter—I missed the low, sweet note that always made me think of summer woods and flowers; my aged crone, with her wrinkled, kind old face, and her busy, busy fingers, was long since dead—who was there left to give the simple news of this most simple neighbourhood?

I knew, however, that not far off something beautiful was waiting (unless the War had already ruined it), and I recalled the time that I had first dis-

covered it, drowsing in the happy sunshine of an early spring—so many years ago! As I had sauntered one day, along my tiny, crooked street, suddenly I came upon a high, rude wall, in which there was a scarcely-to-be-noticed little door. I pushed it gently open, creaking on its time-worn, rusty hinges, and there before me stretched a small garden, hushed and cool; a mystery-garden—no doubt the joy, in former days, of some ancient family with a long, long past. From the hot, outer pavement I had stepped across the narrow threshold, and without a moment's preparation, had entered another world. In this wide, sunlit enclosure, with the deep blue of the sky above me, and the crocus-covered grass under my feet, how easy it was to forget that another world was just outside! For many years I came here, and always I found that same hush, that stillness. Nothing ever appeared to be tended in this little garden, yet year by year, as I returned, the rainbow-tinted crocuses had sprung again to life in misty clouds; over there, where the sunlight was not quite so warm, dusky violets dyed the edges of the little lawn; later would come the gold and purple iris—lilies of France! Tall, ancient poplar trees, straight and soldierly, and shimmering in the slanting light, never failed to whisper a welcome as I entered, while from the thick ivy, covering the walls of the old, enclosing houses, birds twittered busily—they only had no time for strangers—and a sudden rush of little wings was almost the only sound to break across the deep, cool silences. Beyond a stone fountain, in the centre of the little lawn, and just under the crumbling figure of a standing saint, secure in a faded, blue shrine, high arched and faintly starred, an antiquated stone seat, green with moss, invited all wanderers to come and rest. Years ago I had found this secluded garden—but what changes had passed over it! Much that had been lovely and sequestered was now gone; and instead of the happy twitter of the birds, I heard the busy whir of machinery pouring from half-open windows, and people coming and going noisily, intent only upon their work; loud voices echoed across the garden spaces, which once had been so still. The past was quite forgotten (or so for the time it seemed), and only an intense and throbbing present was now felt. The ancient saint still smiled benignly from his blue, starred niche; the shimmering poplars seemed to whisper consolation—but had anyone the eyes and ears for these things now? It was Wartime, and all France was eagerly forging her defences. The drowsy past would no doubt one day return, but *now* there was grim work to do. I knew that I would not have had it otherwise, yet with a saddened heart I turned away.

It was toward evening, and as I left my little garden (where, for all the noise and bustle, a shadowy memory of its peace seemed still to linger, like a perfume); as I passed out through the little, creaking doorway, into the narrow street, I heard the low and mellow sound of bells, and I saw some women hurrying toward the neighbouring church. I followed them, and in the twilight of its old interior—a twilight broken by the soft gleam of candles—I saw that many people, mostly women, had already gathered, and that they were kneeling and at prayer. I took my place among them, though well toward the rear, strangely moved by the rapt attention of that little company. There

was no sound to break the reverent stillness, and though time passed, there seemed to be no thinning of the ranks, for I noticed that as some went noiselessly out, others slipped as quietly in to replace them. Several hours went by; evening had long deepened into night, but that silent vigil seemed to have no end. The tall, waxen tapers, lighted by loving hands for the recovery of the severely wounded, for the souls of the departed, burned steadily, the warm glow penetrating to the farthest corner, into the dimmest spaces, touching bowed heads or up-turned, tear-stained faces. I could not tear myself away; those women, praying so desperately for the men they loved, were of the very heart of Wartime Paris; those mute but resolute appeals were what they had to offer. Then, suddenly, into the silence the *alerte* came sharply sounding, but no one moved. The thunder of the barrage commenced, the crashing of many guns shaking the stone floor under our very feet, but that true-hearted little band prayed on, unflinchingly. Were they not sharing with their men a small part of the danger? Once in a while, above the tumult, a single voice would rise as though someone in an agony of intercession were praying with deeper fervour—otherwise, only the sound of guns, and the shock of falling bombs. That air raid swept over us like a mighty tempest, and when at last it ended, midnight had come and gone. Reluctantly I rose; I had a long way to go before I could reach home, but it seemed faithless indeed, to leave those faithful souls. As quietly as I could, I went toward the door, and passing through it, I met some other women who were about to enter. Stopping, I spoke to one of them.

"Tell me," I said, "do you always keep vigil here? If you women are at work from morning until evening; and if again you pray from evening until morning—when do you sleep?"

"*Ah madame,*" she answered wistfully, "with our husbands in the trenches, would you then have us sleep, while they are fighting? *Mais non, madame,*" she added simply, "*à Paris on ne dort plus.*"

Then quietly she passed into the little church, to take her place among the other women; and turning homeward, I left them there.

VOLUNTEER.

(To be continued)

BRIHAD ARANYAKA UPANISHAD

PART IV, SECTION 5—PART V, SECTION 12

YAJNAVALKYA AND MAITREYI

THE story of Yajnavalkya and Maitreyi has already been told, earlier in this book of wisdom, but the present version is fuller and there is some variation in details, though not in the general significance of the episode. Here, as so often, the story is told in order to introduce the dialogue concerning divine things; when the dialogue has been completed, the story is forgotten or left unfinished. One is even inclined to think that Katyayani, the younger and less philosophical of the two wives—who were probably two pupils—of Yajnavalkya, was invented in order to give a motive to the dialogue. Once she has led to the introduction of the motive, the division of Yajnavalkya's wealth, Katyayani is dropped and forgotten; she does not reappear elsewhere. It is quite possible that the setting of the story—Yajnavalkya's coming departure and the proposed division of wealth—is designed only to introduce Maitreyi's question, "If all this earth full of riches were mine, should I thereby become immortal?" Detachment from the desire of possessions is a condition of the first steps in wisdom; and indeed the resolution of Yajnavalkya to go forth into "the homeless life" has precisely this significance, as it had in the Buddha's Order. Exactly the same principle is illustrated by the words of the Western Master: "How hard it is for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God!" which is the consciousness of the divine Self.

The underlying principle is that we should behold the divine Self in all beings, and all beings in the divine Self, for, since the divine Self is the Real, the one reality, to that divine Self all beings owe whatever they possess of reality and of worth. Therefore, "not for love of the husband is the husband dear, but for love of the divine Self is the husband dear." In terms of Western spiritual thinking, one might say that the disciple loves those who are dear to him because he loves his Master, and loves them in the Master.

Yajnavalkya, seeking to awaken in Maitreyi the intuition of the divine Consciousness, comes back again and again to the thought that this inner, divine Self is the one reality, to be seen inwardly, to be heard inwardly, to be thought on inwardly, to be meditated inwardly. But Maitreyi declares that she does not understand; that her teacher has caused her to fall into confusion. The reason of her confusion would seem to be, that she has tried to understand with the mind, rather than realize with the heart. The cure for her will be fuller meditation, the brooding of the mind, which leads to wisdom.

At the close of the dialogue Yajnavalkya departs. We hear no more of

Katyayani or of the division of his possessions. They have played their part in setting the story going.

Regarding the remainder of what is translated here, two things should be borne in mind: that the sentences which follow are fragments of instructions for disciples; and that we must meditate on them, if we would discover their meaning. That meaning is intentionally hidden beneath the surface, though not very deeply hidden. Just as, in the first fragment, the threefold children of the Lord of beings solve their problems by intuitional meditation, so we may find the deeper meaning hidden in these sentences. To begin with, the threefold command, self-conquest, generous giving, compassion, is equally binding upon us.

In this story, we are in presence of three degrees of spiritual life. The Powers of darkness are not necessarily "evil", or they could not comprehend compassion. Evil arises only when the perverse will of man is combined with natural powers. The forces of dissolution are used when we dissolve wrong thoughts. Through the dissolution of egotism a place is made for compassion.

The syllables of the Sanskrit words *Hridayam*, "Heart", and *Satyam*, "Real", are used as mnemonics for the use of disciples. Here, as elsewhere in these teachings, the Heart is the inner, spiritual nature, the spiritual man, whose consciousness is expanding toward complete identification with the divine Self. The special lesson is the threefold nature of the spiritual man.

The fragment beginning, "That, verily, is That", may be thus elucidated: The Eternal, verily, is and remains the Eternal; this world, verily, is in essence the Eternal, the Real, since it is an emanation, a manifestation, of the Real, and, apart from the Real, has no existence. In practical terms, spiritual law enters into, and governs, every least detail of our lives. This manifested world came into being, not directly, from the Eternal, but through the intermediate stage of the Logos, who is here called the First-born of the Eternal.

Again, the Waters of Space, which were in the beginning, are the symbol of the universe as at once Space and eternal Motion, the everlasting waves of motion moving through infinite space. The modern view, which holds that every form of "matter" is really the manifestation of wave-motion, closely approaches this ancient thought.

The saying that the first and last syllables of Being are the Real, and that in the midst is falsehood, is a graphic way of describing the psychical world between the spiritual reality of the divine world and the natural reality of the physical world: the psychic mirror reflects both what is above and what is below; it is a world of reflection.

When we are told that the Spirit in the Sun and the Spirit in the right eye are correlated, we are again in presence of a luminous symbol: the Sun is the Logos, "the Sun of righteousness, with healing in his wings", the Solar Disc of Egypt; the right eye is the symbol of spiritual consciousness and perception, which is a ray of the Logos. Later, we have the symbol "Day", the "Day-spring from on high", once again the Logos.

The likening of the Spirit in the inner Heart to a grain of rice, a grain of

barley, has its parallel in the likening of the kingdom of heaven to a grain of mustard seed; the dim star of spiritual consciousness expands and grows till it becomes the infinite Light.

In the simile of the cow as the Logos we have a symbol which is still living in India; the bull, as the positive side of the Logos, takes us to Egypt once more; for the symbols are universal, and they constitute the "mystery language".

The "fire common to all men" is every activity of the natural man, from the vital heat of the body to the emotional life which is the motive of his experience. Food in its wider meaning is experience; and in its cosmic sense, it is what we call "matter", the basis of all outer experience.

Then follows a symbolic representation of the experience of the soul after death, passing through what has been called *Kamaloka* and entering into *Devachan*, the paradise of rest before rebirth. In the view of these teachings, sickness and death are not calamities but "supreme austerities", that is, spiritual experiences, for the purification of the soul.

The same lesson is taught in the story of Pratrida and his father. The Eternal is not abstract Spirit alone, as it is not concrete Matter alone; it is manifested as Spirit and Matter interacting. The son suggests that a knowledge of this truth is enough for salvation, but his father tells him that something more is needed, namely, Renunciation, *Virama*, which is once more taught by a Sanskrit mnemonic.

The Divine Self as the Supreme Treasure

It happened that Yajnavalkya had two wives, Maitreyi and Katyayani. Of these two, Maitreyi was possessed of the word of the Eternal, while Katyayani had such wisdom therein as is natural to women. Now the time had come for Yajnavalkya to pass onward into the next period of life. So Yajnavalkya spoke thus:

Maitreyi, I am about to go forth as a religious wanderer from this station of life. Therefore let me make a final disposition of my wealth with thee and with Katyayani here!

Maitreyi said: If, my lord, all this earth full of riches were mine, should I thereby become immortal?

Yajnavalkya said: Not so! not so! As is the life of those who have great possessions, so would thy life be. But there is no hope of immortality through riches!

Maitreyi said: What should I do with that whereby I may not become immortal? But what my master knows, that declare thou to me!

Yajnavalkya said: Dear, indeed, hast thou been to us, lady, but now thou hast increased thy dearness! I shall set forth the teaching to thee, and do thou meditate well on what I declare!

He said: Not, verily, for love of the husband is the husband dear, but for love of the divine Self is the husband dear.

Not, verily, for love of the wife is the wife dear, but for love of the divine Self is the wife dear.

Not, verily, for love of sons are sons dear, but for love of the divine Self are sons dear.

Not, verily, for love of riches are riches dear, but for love of the divine Self are riches dear.

Not, verily, for love of herds of cattle are herds of cattle dear, but for love of the divine Self are herds of cattle dear.

Not, verily, for love of the priest's prayer is the priest's prayer dear, but for love of the divine Self is the priest's prayer dear.

Not, verily, for love of the warrior's weapon is the warrior's weapon dear, but for love of the divine Self is the warrior's weapon dear.

Not, verily, for love of the worlds are the worlds dear, but for love of the divine Self are the worlds dear.

Not, verily, for love of the Bright Powers are the Bright Powers dear, but for love of the divine Self are the Bright Powers dear.

Not, verily, for love of the books of wisdom are the books of wisdom dear, but for love of the divine Self are the books of wisdom dear.

Not, verily, for love of beings are beings dear, but for love of the divine Self are beings dear.

Not, verily, for love of the all is the all dear, but for love of the divine Self is the all dear.

The divine Self is to be seen, to be heard, to be thought on, to be meditated on, Maitreyi! For, verily, when the divine Self is seen, is heard, is thought on, is understood, all this is understood.

The essence of prayer forsakes him who sees the essence of prayer elsewhere than in the divine Self.

The essence of power forsakes him who sees the essence of power elsewhere than in the divine Self.

The worlds forsake him who sees the worlds elsewhere than in the divine Self.

The Bright Powers forsake him who sees the Bright Powers elsewhere than in the divine Self.

The books of wisdom forsake him who sees the books of wisdom elsewhere than in the divine Self.

Beings forsake him who sees beings elsewhere than in the divine Self.

The all deserts him who sees the all elsewhere than in the divine Self.

This essence of prayer, this essence of power, these worlds, these Bright Powers, these books of wisdom, these beings, this all is the divine Self.

It is as when a drum is being beaten, one cannot lay hands upon the sounds which are outside it, but by laying hands on the drum, or on the drummer, the sound, verily, is held.

It is as when a conch shell is being blown, one cannot lay hands upon the sounds which are outside it, but by laying hands on the conch shell, or on him who is blowing the conch shell, the sound, verily, is held.

It is as when a lute is being played, one cannot lay hands upon the sounds which are outside it, but by laying hands on the lute, or on him who is playing the lute, the sound, verily, is held.

It is as when a fire is laid with damp kindling wood, smoke-clouds spread in different directions; thus, verily, from this Great Being has been breathed forth that which is the Rig Veda, the Yajur Veda, the Sama Veda, the Veda of Atharva and Angirasa, the Histories, the Ancient Books, Wisdom, Upanishads, Poems, Memorial Verses, Expositions, Commentaries, sacrifice, oblation, food, drink, this world and the world beyond, and all beings. From That, verily, all these have been breathed forth.

So, as of all waters the ocean is the place of union, so of all contacts the sense of touch in the skin is the place of union, of all odours the two nostrils are the place of union, of all tastes the tongue is the place of union, of all forms sight is the place of union, of all sounds hearing is the place of union, of all impulses of will the mind is the place of union, of all wisdoms the heart is the place of union, of all works the two hands are the place of union, of all formative powers the creative power is the place of union, of all putting forth the power which puts forth is the place of union, of all journeyings the two feet are the place of union, of all the Vedic hymns voice is the place of union.

So, as a quantity of salt has neither outside nor inside, but is altogether a mass of taste, so, verily, this divine Self has neither outside nor inside, but is altogether a sum of perceiving consciousness. From these beings having taken its rise, into them, verily, it returns. After it has departed, no perception remains behind. Thus I declare it.

Thus spoke Yajnavalkya. Then spoke Maitreyi:

My master, verily, has caused me to enter into confusion; for I, verily, do not understand this divine Self!

He replied:

Of a truth I speak not confusion. This divine Self, verily, is imperishable; it is in nature invulnerable, indivisible.

For where there is, as it were, a second, the one sees the other, the one smells the other, the one tastes the other, the one addresses the other, the one hears the other, the one thinks of the other, the one touches the other, the one understands the other. But where for him all has become the divine Self, then by what and whom should one behold? by what and whom should one smell? by what and whom should one taste? by what and whom should one address? by what and whom should one hear? by what and whom should one think of? by what and whom should one touch? by what and whom should one understand? For by what could one understand the divine Self by whom one understands all?

For the divine Self is not this, not this! it is incomprehensible, for it is not comprehended; it is indestructible, for it cannot be destroyed; it is free from attachment, for it cannot be attached; it is not bound, it trembles not, it cannot be wounded.

Whereby, verily, could one know the Knower? Thus art thou instructed in wisdom, Maitreyi. This, of a truth, is immortality!

When he had thus spoken, Yajnavalkya set forth.

Om! Complete is that world. Complete is this world. From that, this is emanated. After taking this complete from that complete, that remains complete.

Om! Radiant ether is the Eternal, the ancient ether, the ether stirred by the Great Breath! Thus of old said the son of Kauravyayani. This is the wisdom of those who know the Eternal. Through this I know what should be known.

The threefold children of the Lord of beings dwelt with their Father, the Lord of beings, in service of the Eternal: namely, the Bright Powers, the sons of men, the Powers of darkness.

After they had dwelt with Him in service ot the Eternal, the Bright Powers said: Let our Lord speak to us!

To them He spoke the syllable *Da*, adding, Have you understood? We have understood! they answered. Thou saidst to us: *Damyata!* Conquer yourselves!—Om! verily, you have understood! He said.

And so the sons of men said to Him: Let our Lord speak to us!

To them He spoke the syllable *Da*, adding, Have you understood? We have understood! they answered. Thou saidst to us: *Datta*! Give!—Om! verily, you have understood! He said.

And so the Powers of darkness said to Him: Let our Lord speak to us!

To them He spoke the syllable *Da*, adding, Have you understood? We have understood! they answered. Thou saidst to us: *Dayadhvam!* Be compassionate!—Om! verily, you have understood! He said.

Therefore this divine Voice repeats as Thunder: *Da! Da! Da!* Conquer yourselves! Give! Be compassionate! Therefore this threefold command should be carried out: Self-conquest, generous giving, compassion.

This, which is the Heart, is the Lord of beings, this is the Eternal, this is the All.

The Heart, *Hri-da-yam*, has three syllables.

Hri is one syllable. His own and others also bring (*hri*) gifts to him who thus knows.

Da is one syllable. His own and others also give (*da*) to him who thus knows.

Yam is a syllable. He goes (*ya*) to the heaven-world who thus knows.

That, verily, is That. This, verily, was That, namely, the Real. He who knows that Great Spirit as the first-born, namely, that the Real is the Eternal, wins these worlds. Could he be overcome, who thus knows that this Great Spirit is the first-born, that the Real is the Eternal? For, verily, the Real is the Eternal.

The Waters (of Space) were here in the beginning. The Waters manifested the Real—the Real, which is the Eternal;—the Eternal manifested the Lord

of Beings; the Lord of Beings manifested the Bright Powers. They, the Bright Powers, make obeisance to the Real. Thus there is the trisyllable *Sa-ti-yam* (*Satyam*, Real), *sa* is one syllable, *ti* is one syllable, *yam* is one syllable. The first and last syllables are the Real; in the midst is falsehood. And this falsehood is comprehended on both sides by the Real and shares the being of the Real. Falsehood injures not him who thus knows.

What the Real is, that sun also is. The Spirit within the circle (of the sun) and the Spirit who is in the right eye, these two are correlated to each other. Through his rays that (Spirit in the sun) is correlated with this (Spirit in the right eye); through the life-breaths this is correlated with that. When he is about to ascend (at death), he beholds that circle pure; these rays no more come to meet him.

The Spirit who is in this circle (of the sun)—his head is *Bhur* (Earth); there is one head, this is one syllable. *Bhuvar* (Midworld) is his two arms; there are two arms, these are two syllables. *Svar* (Heaven) is his standing; there are two feet, this is two syllables (*su-ar*). His spiritual significance is "Day". He slays evil and leaves it behind him, who thus knows.

The Spirit who is in the right eye—his head is *Bhur*; there is one head, this is one syllable. *Bhuvar* is his two arms; there are two arms, these are two syllables. *Svar* is his standing; there are two feet, this is two syllables. His spiritual significance is "I". He slays evil and leaves it behind him, who thus knows.

Formed of Mind, of the substance of Light, is this Spirit in the inner Heart; it is as a grain of rice or barley. This is the ruler of all, the overlord of all, who governs this whole world, whatever there is.

The Eternal is as lightning, because of radiating and dividing. Lightning divides him from evil, who thus knows that the Eternal is as lightning, for the Eternal is as lightning.

Let him make obeisance to Voice as a milch cow. She has four teats: The Invocation, the Presentation, the Salutation, the Benediction. The Bright-Powers are nourished by two teats: the Invocation and the Presentation. The sons of men are nourished by the Salutation. The Fathers are nourished by the Benediction. The Life is as the bull; Mind is as the calf.

This fire common to all men is within the man, whereby is cooked the food which is eaten. The sound of the fire is heard when the fingers are pressed against the two ears. When the man is about to go forth at death, he no longer hears this sound.

When, verily, a man goes forth from this world at death, he comes to the Great Breath. This makes a place for him like the central space in a chariot wheel. Through this he ascends.

He comes to the sun. This makes a place for him like the hollow of a drum. Through this he ascends.

He comes to the moon. This makes a place for him like the hollow of a kettle-drum. Through this he ascends.

He comes to a world where he is afflicted neither by heat nor cold. In this world he dwells for immeasurable years.

This, verily, is the supreme austerity when one afflicted by sickness suffers. He gains the supreme world, who thus knows.

This, verily, is the supreme austerity when they carry the body of him who has gone forth to the forest. He gains the supreme world, who thus knows.

This, verily, is the supreme austerity when they lay the body of him who has gone forth upon the funeral pyre. He gains the supreme world, who thus knows.

There are some who say that the Eternal is Food. But this is not so, for without life, food is subject to decay.

There are some who say that the Eternal is Life. But this is not so, for without food, life withers and dries up.

These two Powers reach their highest state when they have entered into union.

Therefore Pratrida said to his father: What good could I do to one who thus knows, or what evil could I do him?

But his father answered, making a sign with his hand: No, Pratrida, for who has gained the highest attainment merely by identifying himself with these two?

Then his father said to him: *Vi!*—for *vi* signifies food, for all these beings have entered into food; *Ram!*—for *ram* is life, for all these beings rejoice in life.

All beings, verily, enter into him, all beings rejoice in him, who thus knows.

C. J.

Holiness is an unselfing of ourselves.—FABER.

We must condemn ourselves to death once for all, and then execute ourselves every day.—GINHAC.

HEART DOCTRINE

The "Doctrine of the Eye" is for the crowd, the "Doctrine of the Heart" for the elect.

VOICE OF THE SILENCE.

SOMEWHERE, I think it was in Amiel's *Journal*, I read: "The decisive events of the world take place in the intellect;"—and at first it seemed true, because decisions are formulated in the intellect, and the centre of consciousness of most people is kama-manasic; but reflecting further, I found myself disagreeing more than agreeing. The writer saw behind externals, truly, but he did not see far enough. His comprehensive phrase might apply, perhaps, to the outer world, the lower world,—the world of ordinary undeveloped men, who, *en masse*, are incapable of independent thought, who are not "self-moving," and who are therefore necessarily led by those powerful thinkers who impress ideas upon generations of their fellows. But for men of stature, men who have evolved above the animal stage, men who are consciously on the way to claim their heritage as Sons of God, is *intellect* the ground of their inspiration, the force that dips the balance?

Did the saints reach sainthood through their intellects? Because of their intellects? No.

Is it new ideas, striking thoughts, long-drawn debates ending in some kind of a decision, that have changed the course of my life and action? Was it, as a child, the intellectual theory of Christianity, or the appeal of Christ, that led me to turn in some measure towards religion? The answer in each instance is obvious. It was not the philosophy of Theosophy (though that is fascinating enough from the start), it was not Reincarnation and Karma, or Manvantaras or Races, nor brooches and teacups, that impelled me to join the Theosophical Movement. It was the appeal of Masters; the "Guardian Wall"; the superhuman labours of H. P. B. that cried out for successors somehow to carry on; the sacrificial death of Mr. Judge and the "vow" he "registered ages ago" to help the "Blessed Masters and Their friends hold back the awful cloud" of our Karma; and the visible and inspiring witness of those who lived consciously the Theosophic life—these were the things that *worked*, these were a succession of "decisive events" for me. And they took place in my heart. In one sense my mind hardly knew what was happening, and in these instances was no more responsible for the outcome than my eyeballs and retina through which I saw the printed words on the pages read. My intellect was a willing and reasonably ready instrument for my heart; it did not raise up its own independent head and argue, or minimize, or dissect; it was, what the intellect should be when the heart is active, a valiant coadjutor, and *negative* to the dictates of the heart.

The intellect is a reflector. To function largely in the reflector is to miss the reality reflected. Intellect, midway between higher and lower nature—between Buddhi and *its* reflection Kama—may reflect either. Most people, though they might just as well reflect Buddhi, train their intellect to reflect that which lies below, because that is what they are interested in, what concerns them, what they desire. By long habit they build up a congeries, or body, of thought forms, which in quality are largely, if not wholly, animal, personal, selfish, and worldly. This reflection, seeing itself as itself because it is a reflection,—because it has a vantage point from which to see what it reflects, and also can shift its ground, or turn on itself, and see itself,—rears up and says, "I am the real thing; I shall be the boss." And looking around at other reflections like itself, it may say, "I should like to be different, but this is the way I am made, this is my God-given temperament." When it gets extremely sophisticated, it talks about "Pure logic," and "Scientific detachment," and "Legal impartiality."

But what made the intellect? What gives it the power of choice, the ability to decide? Buddhi and Kama fashioned the intellect. Buddhi, or its reflection Kama, gives it the power to choose and to make decisions;—that is, either will, or emotional desire impels the intellect to choice and to decision. *Purely* intellectual decisions are sheer compromise, and usually stultifying compromise. Weak-willed or unemotional people either ruminate or become scrupulous, enigmatic, pedantic, and the like.

To get anywhere, to achieve anything, even in a worldly sense, the intellect must be put in its place. It must be kept an instrument; and where decisive action occurs, it always does become an instrument. It may become the instrument of the emotions and the lower nature; or it may become the instrument of the will, and of the higher nature. A saint, or chêla, breaking through, has changed the centre of gravity from which he acts and thinks, from the emotional lower to the volitional higher part of his nature. In the midway, or transition stages, a man is (within himself) propelled by three types of forces, therefore, which he finds are already active when he wakes up to what is going on. First, and probably most prominent, the forces of his lower personal nature, with its animal wants and desires, its "natural" cravings, and its personal likes and dislikes. Second, the highest ideals which in any way appeal to him,—such as honour, patriotism, self-sacrifice, love, and so forth. These usually run counter to the lower, and need not necessarily be abstract at all;—they may appeal just because they are embodied in his Master, in his friends, or in his country. Third, the force of his intellect itself, which has been distilled throughout life, and many previous lives, from the other two, and has attained a certain measure of independent life by its self-assertion, cleverly drawing (often unobserved) new life and force from Kama to sustain its own position. Any good novelist, Trollope for instance, makes the rationale of this process abundantly clear.

The inmost heart is the spiritual centre of life. Its direct reflection lies in the emotional nature. The emotional nature is essentially *un*rational. Hence

the need of the intellect. The intellect is the *discriminating* instrument, but it is only the *instrument*. The principles which underlie the use of its faculties lie outside itself. It can only reflect them. And this is what often confuses people. It gives the appearance of being the real thing, without being it. Can the intellect determine the ideal?—even *an* ideal? In its last analysis, people do not *judge* with the intellect, nor even by means of the intellect. Courage is the only authority on courage. Loyalty is the only arbiter of uprightness. Goodness is the only judge of goodness. Love alone knows love.

The intellect may be a necessary medium through which a still dormant consciousness may first awake to an apprehension of courage, of loyalty, of goodness; but once that consciousness is awake, I believe that the decisive events of the world take place in the heart.

"The Mind is the great Slayer of the Real.
Let the Disciple slay the Slayer."

Perhaps when a saint broke through, and found his Master, some would not call it, and its consequences, a "decisive event" of the world's history,—but do we not know better? It certainly would be for most of us,—no matter how grandly we may have figured on the Screen of Time in past incarnations, or "made history." When the Master can reach us directly, and consciously to ourselves, does that not open illimitable possibilities, including the complete reparation of past catastrophes?

Once there was a man who had an intellect, a mind, much like that of the modern Smiths and Joneses. He wanted to believe in the spiritual world, and in himself, and in his friends, and in his Teacher; but he dreaded an undefined weakness, and he was afraid, consequently, of the possibility of delusion, of being wrong. His best friend, his Teacher, on whom he chiefly relied, had, amid tumult, been killed; he had seen him die. Then, in a day or two, as he grieved, half stunned, a dozen of his group, men and women, came and told him that the Teacher was alive, that they had seen him, that he had spoken with them. *Could* they be right? Common-sense, universal experience, the best scientific knowledge and evidence, everything he had ever read, all told heavily against them. They might have been quite honestly deceiving themselves; the wish would naturally be father to the thought; the possibilities of error were innumerable; the delusions of the best of men about what they see and hear are incredible. What they told was infinitely precious to him, *if true;* and he could not risk a second disillusionment, another heart-breaking mockery of hope. He may have been obstinate, but what *proof* was there? Someone might have impersonated his Master. There were those cruel nails through hands and feet—there was the thrust of the spear. He had seen those with his own eyes, nor could he ever forget them. *They* were eternally inescapable. Then they could be his sureties! Ah,—once, once, it already seemed so miserably long ago, he had said: "Let us also go that we may die with him." And now,—his *own* hands? his *own* feet?

That is intellect,—that is the mind slaying the real. The man was shut up in his mind, unmercifully cramped by his mind. All along, because of his very intensity in the face of what must have been great pressure from those loving women and those re-inspired ten, one feels that the man's heart was tugging at his brain; one feels a rare integrity and an heroic conscientiousness. It was not his intellect that made the decisive event of his life possible, that enabled his Master to say: "Reach hither thy finger . . ." Nor was it an intellectual formulary, but rather a burthened and overflowing heart, that prompted "My Lord and my God."

I believe that the decisive events of the world take place in the heart,—that they have taken place, and will again take place, in each man's heart, according to the measure of his true desire.

"Silence thy thoughts and fix thy *whole attention* on thy Master whom yet thou dost not see, but whom thou feelest."

SIMPLICITAS.

One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves. NEWMAN.

Promises cost us nothing, above all when sensible grace illumines and warms our hearts; but when, the exaltation having passed, we must put into practice our protestations of love, in the humble realities of daily life, how far we are from our ideal! F. RENAUD.

BRUNO AND HIS FORERUNNERS

THOSE who look for the influence of Theosophy, and the evidence of Lodge activity in all the developments of human history (and to do so adds a new value to existence), naturally find a special significance in such peaks and crises in thought and life as are evidenced by the Renaissance, the Reformation and the Counter Reformation. The era of blind faith had passed; that of inquiry was in its infancy. One effort after another was evidently made by the Great Ones behind the scenes to break the grip of dogmatism and sacerdotalism and their attendant evils, and to vitalize and direct the spirituality which was present—though present rather like a chemical element in suspension. The major current of events is more or less familiar to everyone. A less known minor current is found in what might be regarded as a group of philosophers and physicists, beginning with Nicholas of Cusa, and extending down through Copernicus and Galileo to the late Renaissance school in Italy, of whom Telesio, Campanella and Giordano Bruno are the outstanding figures. As is obvious, they were not a group in the usual sense of the word —Cusa being born in 1401, Telesio just about a hundred years later, and Campanella living well into the second quarter of the seventeenth century— and no two of them had the advantage of working together; but there is a sequential relationship in their thought, and they carried on a rather definite line of attack, a campaign which accomplished far-reaching results in the breaking of old moulds and the directing of new trends of thought.

Nicholas of Cusa is a subject in himself—and a deeply worth-while subject he would doubtless be, if all material were available. H. P. B. tells of a Kabalistic account according to which he took Orders and finally became a Cardinal, in a vain effort to avoid the continual persecution resulting from his devotion to esoteric and kabalistic studies,—then finally "sought intellectual recuperation and rest from ecclesiastical tyranny in the body of Copernicus." Each word might be underscored, suggestive as the statement is of his degree of development in occultism. Furthermore, to strike an original keynote which shall resound in exoteric work through centuries to follow, means, of necessity, no small stature; and Cusa was apparently the first in his epoch to enunciate —secretly perforce—the theories which Copernicus developed and put forward somewhat more boldly in the next century. In philosophy as well, he was the initiator of a long line of activity.

Concerning Copernicus and Galileo, little need be said, since their epoch-making work is familiar to everyone. Bernadino Telesio and Giovanni Domenico Campanella devoted themselves to the formation of an experimental science, rejecting the principle of authority which had held the intellectual world in shackles for centuries, and taking the experience of the senses as final proof. Campanella went so far as to wish to break with all previous teaching.

These two and Giordano Bruno—to some extent contemporary, and also aware of each other's work—waged an active fight against the complete subservience to Aristotelian teachings which had stifled Mediæval thought.

Except to a student of philosophy, their voluminous speculations seem dry and involved, and alike without interest or objective, unless we picture the age in which they lived. Our own generation has come to regard change, innovation, not only as a matter of course but almost as an economic necessity; and equally so, the right to think and believe as each may choose. It is difficult to place ourselves back in an age when philosophical theories and, even more, religious beliefs were prescribed in a form as definite as homeopathic pills, and where a disinclination to swallow and a desire to experiment and concoct a new diet was rewarded with imprisonment, torture, and death at the stake to the glory of God. Opposition always has a vivifying effect, of course, and in the face of such circumstances, there could but have been the glow of genuine adventure in speculations on the nature of God and his relation to his creatures, or like subjects promising wholly new and refreshing depths. Who among our own ranks, having once experienced a sudden awakening to the doctrine of the Oversoul, can lack an understanding response to the absorption of these men in the possibility of a World Soul, with all that that implied to them? What voyage of discovery, though it be to the ends of the earth, could equal the voyaging of Galileo, with his faulty telescope, and the unexplored reaches of the universe unfolding before him? What ships of Phœnicia ever brought treasures the equal of those to be mined from the teachings of ancient and long-buried philosophers—heat, or cold, or the sun, or the stars as the source of all life—especially if the possibility of occult interpretation were added?

And the speculation did not lack objective. The objective was the establishing of the dignity, the worth of the individual. If God were wholly transcendent, as many had long believed, could man be more than a puppet? If, on the other hand, God were immanent, living in and through every object that had being, what limit could there be to man's possible development, short of the Infinite? Endless were the hypotheses and many the suggestions of esoteric truths underlying them. Complex and confused as in many cases they were, there is to be seen running through them the effort to give expression to the teaching of a possible and potential Divine humanity—a clue, then, to the greatest of all adventures.

Telesio, the chief of the South Italian group, was a member of a noble family; was mainly active in Naples and Cosenza, where he founded an Academy; was engaged for thirty years in the study of Aristotle before beginning his attack on the latter's teachings, and finally published his major philosophical work at the age of eighty. (This was placed on the Index soon after his death.) Throughout his long and scholarly life, he knew how to maintain a balance between a sincere outer conformity to Church teachings, and, in private, the development of a philosophical system which was original, constructive and far reaching in its effects. His influence on Campanella was a posthumous one. The latter, learning of the similarity of their views, hastened to Cosenza in

eager anticipation, but arrived just in time to attend the funeral of the older man, whose philosophy he immediately espoused.

Campanella was one of the most spectacular figures of his time,—philosopher, poet, astrologer, voluminous writer, he had apparently real genius of a sort. In physics, psychology, religion, morals, his writings influenced and enriched the thought of his century. His extraordinary ability to win the friendship and enthusiastic support of influential men all over Europe was significant of his powerful personality—the more so, as many of them never saw him, while his position *vis-à-vis* to the Inquisition made any connection with him dangerous. Unfortunately, his defects of character are as marked as his gifts. As a rule, the lives of great men impress us not only by what they themselves do, but even more by what *we* may do with the deductions drawn from them. Campanella, on the contrary, was in large measure an unmitigatedly bad example, woefully suggestive of the Irish politician referred to in an earlier issue of the QUARTERLY who, when questioned as to his political leanings, engagingly replied that he *had* principles, but that he could change them. Campanella enjoyed an unwavering conviction of his own powers and of his lofty mission in life, but aside from that, his views and his doctrines were chameleon-like, putting on a new colour or a new vesture as each political star waxed and waned.

Born in Calabria (the toe of Italy), in surroundings of poverty, ignorance and superstition, he became a Dominican monk when only fourteen, and showed at a very early age remarkable intellectual capacity and prodigious learning. The date of his birth was 1568, and the last quarter of the century—always a significant period—the time of much of his activity. Somewhere about his twentieth year, he became strongly influenced by a Hebrew, Abraham by name, an astrologer, necromancer, soothsayer, spiritualist, and what-not beside. It is worthy of note that western occultists have frequently received their initial impulse toward occultism, and perhaps much of their first instruction, from chance contact with a Jew. H. P. B. states that the secret doctrine as given in the Kabala is attributable to various sources—to Abraham and Seth, or to Egypt, or to Chaldea, but that in any event, it is derived directly from the primeval Secret Doctrine of the East, through the Vedas, the Upanishads, Orpheus and Thales, Pythagoras and the Egyptians. Custodians of the highest truths, then, the Hebrews were for some centuries. It is a matter of conjecture whether they might have become the conveyors of the teaching to all mankind, had it not been for the recognized tendency of the Hebrew mind to materialize all things. Christianity—true Christianity—with its keynote of sacrifice, had a new and needed leaven to add.

Needless to say, the unorthodoxy of Campanella's interests and associates brought him early in life into conflict with the Inquisition. He possessed remarkable facility, however, in convincing his judges that the particular doctrine in question meant something other than it seemed, and was not the heresy with which he was charged. For QUARTERLY readers, perhaps his chief interest lies in his mishandling and perversion of certain tenets unmistakably

theosophical in origin—particularly the ideal of universal brotherhood, and the doctrine known to us as the fundamental unity of all things—and with these, the development and use of his own psychic powers. Someone has said, "This little soul of man . . . . instinctively aspires, yearns to know the greater harmony, if only to render it a more perfect obedience: and it aspires, yearns, through a sense of likeness, of oneness, of sonship." Campanella was tormented by ceaseless yearning—"Combien j'ai mangé!" he wrote, "et pourtant je meurs d'inanition!" But the ideal of obedience, of likeness, of sonship was no part of his creed. He was fired with zeal to rationalize magic, rationalize astrology. He ignored, or perhaps never knew that which present-day theosophists know, that which the alchemists knew when they claimed that Christ founded a "College of Magic" among his disciples: namely, that real magic is the process of at-onement with the Divine Self. Devotion, humility, spiritual perception (the power of apprehension as opposed to comprehension) were apparently unknown to Campanella—unknown, the spirit that had led an earlier compatriot to paint while kneeling in reverence before the divine inspiration unfolding on his canvas; unknown, the spirit that led an Englishman, only a few years later, to write,

> "Love is that liquor sweet and most divine
> Which my God feels as blood, but I, as wine."

The Gate that is in the heart, Campanella never found. Rationalizing astrology and the development of magical powers, worked out actually as the debasement and materialization of any spiritual force he may have possessed, with the inevitable consequent strengthening of ambition, vanity, self-assertion and related psychic qualities. The Movement in our own day had its self-proclaimed leader whose development was a counterpart of his, and whose career has discredited the name of Theosophy over half the civilized earth. Not without reason does *Light on the Path* place study of the laws of the supernatural *after* the laws of being and the laws of nature have been learned—after long discipline has brought the personal self under control.

In 1598, at the age of thirty, after some years in Naples, Padua and other cities of Italy, he withdrew to Calabria, ostensibly for his health. Here he decided to work out a plan for establishing a universal natural religion,—a hope which some of the most brilliant thinkers of the Renaissance had entertained. He suddenly declared himself to be a new messiah, a world legislator, the chosen of God, divinely appointed to release mankind from the yoke of tyranny, his mission greater than that of Christ himself ("to move reverently among holy things" was obviously not his wont). He began to prophesy, seeing in the stars vindication of all his claims; the end of a great cycle was approaching, kingdoms would be overturned, and, under his leadership, a new and golden age would ensue. His study of astrology supplied him with abundant and picturesque stage trappings, and after first winning a small group of followers, he wandered about preaching and prophesying among the ignorant

and superstitious peasantry, who were captivated by his prophetic mien and fiery eloquence, and flocked in his train, bringing their ailing relatives and even their animals for him to cure. The new order of things was to be a "true City of God"(!), a communistic republic, with property held in common, and other features lamentably like those in Russia to-day. Beside the peasant folk, bandits, outlaws, and apostate monks numbered themselves among his followers—not a robust band in themselves, but, as a part of his programme was the overthrow of the Spanish domination which at the moment chafed all Italy, he won the support of an Italian nobleman of considerable fortune and sincere patriotic zeal, who furnished a number of men-at-arms and a certain amount of the needed military element. Italy seemed ripe for a change, with political dissension everywhere, interminable struggles of Papacy and Bishops, and irritation of all classes against the intolerable Spanish yoke. What more fitting then, than for Campanella to stage a revolt. The Turks who preyed on the Sicilian coasts were to come (agreeing, with what alacrity is easily imagined) and aid with troops and a fleet, at the critical moment. All was finally in readiness. A banquet was spread. Campanella pledged victory. At the given hour, the Turks arrived—but, alack, Campanella and his two chief accomplices lay in a Neapolitan prison awaiting trial. The Papacy, with all its vices and its abuse of power, has more than once in its long history proved its value as an equilibrator.

This was in 1599. For twenty-seven years, until 1626, Campanella was to remain in the prisons of the Inquisition. The trial was a double one—partly on political charges, before a tribunal half lay and half ecclesiastical; and partly on a charge of heresy before an exclusively religious body. Conviction on this second charge would have meant certain death, for his early difficulties with the Holy Office left him now no margin. Torture was the final proof in all such cases, and in one of his three ghastly experiences of it, Campanella lost two pounds of flesh and twenty pounds of blood. He is said to have feigned (were dissimulation necessary!) a temporary madness, making incoherent replies to all questions, and as a result was condemned not to the stake, but to perpetual imprisonment.

As the years passed, the rigour of his confinement varied with changing rulers. During much of the time, he was in subterranean dungeons, and yet during all of the time, he wrote indefatigably. Much of his poetry, which is said to hold a high place among that of his century, was written then. His energies were chiefly devoted, however, to the furtherance of his Calabrian schemes—changed not a whit, except that the universal religion and the ideal state (no longer a republic), were henceforth to be established by the Spanish monarchy, aided by Campanella's counsels, instructions and miracles. The Calabrian fiasco he explained as the result of a momentary pride which had led him to use for his own glory the great gifts which the Holy Spirit had conferred upon him. He wrote innumerable letters to the Pope, to Cardinals, to the principal rulers and men of influence, his tone being, not that of a prisoner, not one of appeal, but of an inspired counsellor, unwaveringly and superbly

confident of himself. Where he saw a possible gain, whole books would be rewritten. Thus from the Spanish monarchy he transferred to the Hapsburgs the honour of carrying out with and for him, his divine mission. As the Hapsburg power grew less, the Papacy itself, and, still later, the King of France became the chosen instrument.

At a distance of several centuries, the story takes on the aspect of a tragicomedy, yet one can scarcely treat cavalierly a man, however misguided, whom his own generation rated so highly. Early in his imprisonment, two Saxon gentlemen, visitors in Naples, were thrown into the same prison for a time, on an ill-founded suspicion. Campanella converted one of them to Catholicism, won their lasting friendship, and through them the interest, intervention and attempted protection of a whole chain or network of highly influential men, including Georges Fugger, the wealthy banker of Augsburg, Gaspard Schopp, the Emperor Rudolphe, and the Archduke Ferdinand of Styria, later Emperor of Germany. There is apparently no indication in the pages of history, of an organization which he led or through which he worked, yet the amazing ability of this man of lowly birth, to enlist the sympathies and the active partisanship of men of highest rank and influence, far and near, is certainly suggestive of some sort of "underground" organization, theosophical or otherwise—though that is wholly in the realm of surmise. Bruno, imprisoned at the same time, possibly in a nearby cell, showed no such facility. The mystery is inexplicable. Campanella's fame spread throughout Europe. His books were taken by certain of his sympathizers and published in countries where heresy was less unpopular than in Italy. On the advice of friends, he changed once more the tenor of his writings—a new Pope at the moment, was interested in missions; Campanella became a humble penitent, anxious to atone for his sins by converting souls to Christendom. Whatever he wrote, and however often he "changed his principles", the Papal authorities maintained their attitude of suspicion. At length, the long-continued efforts resulted in his release with certain restrictions. Immediately, he entertained high hope of obtaining some consultative position connected with the Holy Office, giving him power to control religious thought and dogma. But in Rome, steadily lessening favour was his lot, and new complications finally pointed to possible re-imprisonment. It was not unnatural, now, for him to turn to France, its king having been his latest choice as head of his ideal monarchy. He left Italy secretly, in 1634; was welcomed in France by many learned men of whose sympathy he had long been assured, and spent the last years of his life quietly there, devoting his energies to the conversion of Huguenots. He died in 1639, at the age of seventy-one.

Though in the same line of succession, philosophically, and holding many views in common, no two men could have been more unlike than Campanella and Bruno. Where Campanella sought favour, Bruno offended by his independence (how rare is the strong man who can live "so that out of the strong shall come forth sweetness"). Where Campanella was actuated by expediency, Bruno gave unswerving adherence to principle. Where Campanella was weak and vacillating, a psychic counterfeit, Bruno was steel in process of tempering.

Both men possessed the gift of eloquence, and both were noted for vast learning in an age of vastly learned men.

Born in 1548, at Nola, a little village near Naples, Giordano Bruno's active work began with the last quarter of the century, and he met his tragic death at the close of the cycle, in 1600. He was the son of a soldier and in modest circumstances, and there was almost no way, at that period, to satisfy the craving for learning which he early developed, except by entering a nearby Dominican monastery—which he did when only fifteen years of age. The time which he spent in the various monasteries of the Order doubtless afforded him an opportunity to familiarize himself with many a treasure in their libraries, but it did not prove the open gateway to learning which he had anticipated. He passed his novitiate and, in due course, became a priest, but he was endowed with rare gifts, and even at this early age he saw meanings within meanings, depths which the Roman Church and the Dominican Order did not care to have plumbed. "The authority of directors," he writes, "barring worthier and higher matters, whereto he was naturally impelled, putteth his mind into fetters, so that from being free in manhood, he becometh a slave under a most vile and subtle hypocrisy." Nothing was more foreign to his nature than hypocrisy in any form. He was frank and outspoken to the point of rashness, where truth was concerned, if for no other reason than that he always assumed on the part of his hearers the same intensity of desire for Truth by which he himself was actuated. It was at a somewhat later date that he wrote, "I deem every kind of renown and conquest God's foe, vile and without a particle of honour in it, if it be not the truth; but for love of true wisdom and in the effort to reflect aright, I weary, I rack, I torment myself."

Even during his novitiate, serious trouble threatened, partly because he ventured an explanation as to what Arius had really meant in the teaching which led to the Arian controversy. This laid Bruno open to the charge of having upheld heretical doctrine; a process was drawn up, with the prospect of trial before the Inquisition and subsequent imprisonment or worse. For this reason, Bruno left his monastery, about 1576, and in a short time discarded his habit as well. Then began sixteen years of homeless wandering,—years of splendid fighting against dogmatism, narrow-minded prejudice and fierce intolerance.

Quite aside from the matter of orthodoxy, it is a question how long his soaring spirit and powerful intellect could have remained cramped within the limits set by mediæval monastic authority. His was not the monastic temperament—the simple and devout monk, rapt in the love of a personal God. Instead, he was a metaphysician of a high order, distinctly God-inspired. Two passages from his own writings are pertinent in this connection, the second indicating also what intellectual activity means to such a nature as his. "There are two kinds of ecstasy which may be reached by the divinely transported: there is the abstraction of passive mystics, who, usually, are ignorant folk, 'into whom the divine sense enters as it were into an empty

room'; and there are those who are filled with intellectual ardour, which spurs them to constructive activity, 'so that, by rational process, the spirit becomes godlike in contact with its divine object.' 'The first kind *possess* more dignity, power and efficacy in themselves; the second kind *are* worthier, more powerful and efficacious, and are divine. The first are worthy as is the ass who bears the sacraments; the second are as a sacred thing.'" "The intellectually disposed will discover no abiding home in the transitory world of sense or in ordinary piety; only by the exercise of intellect, which is a divine passion, shall these find anchorage for the soul. Such as would purify the will, sprout 'wings to the soul',—they already possess the divine spirit they seek after, and so are at once the lover and the loved; and their love shall enable these undaunted heroes to pass through suffering (which is no other than a golden spur), become spectators of Infinite Power and Act, and be at one, not indeed with the innermost being of God, but with God in the highest manifestations of his mind. The innermost being of God is not reached, even by the mystic."

Inspired by that intellectual ardour spurring to constructive activity, Bruno certainly was. A man of torrential force, volcanic fire, and splendid fighting qualities, fearless to the point of recklessness, thirsting for truth and headlong in his pursuit of it, he suggests in many ways the characteristics of Madame Blavatsky. Like her too, he did the work of shock troops, or of a battering ram—the unenviable task of the breaking of moulds.

The account of Bruno's wanderings is of considerable interest as a cross-section of the life of the time—first in Italy, the centre of culture and refinement; next over the Alps, into districts where even the use of a fork was almost unknown; to Lyons, then to Geneva, Toulouse, Paris and London; a second visit to Paris, and from there to Germany, where he passed from one German State to another, one university town to another, and finally, on to Venice and his betrayal to the Inquisition. Colourful, however, as were his experiences in their reflection of the variegated life of the day, his story is of far more compelling interest as a revelation of the intensity and the multiplicity of forms which intolerance and dogmatism may take,—an aspect which, in view of the fundamental theosophical principle of tolerance, must appeal particularly to members of The Theosophical Society. In Italy at this period, correspondence with heretics was an offence which could throw the culprit into the hands of the Inquisition. Books favourably mentioning a heretic (and this Bruno did more than once, in return for royal patronage), were placed on the Index. Residence in heretical countries was forbidden except by special permission.

Bruno had been forced to leave Italy as a result of seeing inner meanings in the teachings of the Roman Church. In Geneva, he found a hotbed of Calvinism, but here, as in Catholic countries, no least departure from the judgments of Aristotle was tolerated. Bruno, whose masterly knowledge of Aristotelian philosophy made that his special province, printed in Geneva a pamphlet accusing one of the Pastors of the Church of twenty distinct blunders.

Bruno and his printer were seized and brought before the governing Board. Bruno "paid the penalty on his knees"; was threatened with the equivalent of excommunication, which—though he had not adopted the Calvinist faith—carried with it great inconvenience in a small and bigoted community, and finally was given the choice of leaving the city or of adopting its religion. His sojourn here had lasted about two months.

In many localities during that period, the bare necessities of life could be obtained on almost no other terms than by adopting the dominant religion, whether Catholic or Protestant. Bruno turned his hand to whatever he could find; he read proof, taught grammar to children, taught astronomy, then called the "Sphere"—a popular study among adults; taught a memory system which he evolved, and which appealed strongly to certain types of mind (the effect being heightened, no doubt, by his own phenomenal memory). His profession, however, was that of lecturer on philosophy, and many universities permitted no one to lecture unless he attended Mass, while for Bruno, now an apostate, Mass was forbidden. Years later, in his trial before the Inquisition, he declared that he had always abstained from the sacrament, knowing that he was excommunicated as a result of abandoning his Order and his habit.

In general, his method seems to have been to announce his arrival by posters or other means, declaring his name and his profession. In many cases he then gave public lectures, independently—in Paris a course on St. Thomas Aquinas brought him into prominence; at Oxford he lectured on the immortality of the soul and on the "Quintuple Sphere" (both of which were suppressed). His lectures were crowded; evidently his fire and ardour were contagious, though they often aroused strife. In some cases he was elected to a professorship by the students; in others, depending on the custom of the university, it was offered by the faculty, but all too often the question of attendance at Mass stood in his way. In Paris, he was offered a Chair, probably in the Cambrai, now the Collège de France. Prevented from accepting, for the same reason, he had the odd fortune to interest the King, Henry III, in his memory system. He dedicated to the monarch a book on the subject, and was rewarded with an "Extraordinary Lectureship", with a salary.

Such favourable circumstances could not last long. He was ever incautious and untactful; his attacks on the Aristotelian system were regarded as attacks on orthodox religion. He soon moved to England. Here again one finds a vivid picture of the life of the time: Oxford, its dignitaries, and a public disputation on Aristotle, followed by scathing denunciation of manners and customs and lack of learning, Bruno calling it the "widow of true knowledge so far as philosophy and mathematics are concerned." (He looked down on many of the so-called learned men of his day as soulless pedants, and often with reason.) Or again, London, the London of Elizabeth, where Bruno was jeered at and even threatened by tradesmen and street loungers because of his foreign appearance, yet where breadth of thought in certain

directions was such that he could, with impunity, openly attack Protestantism, by which he was always repelled. Here he spent two unusually quiet and happy years in the household of the French Ambassador to England, Michel de Castelnau, going with him to Court, possessing some degree of friendship with men like Sir Philip Sydney and Fulke Greville, and publishing a number of books. Elizabeth's patronage of all things Italian enabled him to employ that language in his published works, and he was one of the first to write in a modern tongue on such subjects as philosophy and science. This period was terminated by Castelnau's return to France.

An incident which followed is perhaps worth relating as a contrast in customs between that day and this. Bruno invited "the Royal Lecturers and everyone" to a dispute or debate at Cambrai, in which he attacked seven errors of Aristotle. In closing, he hurled a challenge at his audience, which was met at first with silence. One wonders what that silence held: was it cold disapproval; were his hearers startled, awed into momentary speechlessness; were some, perchance, hesitant, "almost persuaded"? Then the cudgels were taken up, but by a youth, one of the students, who in turn challenged Bruno. One can imagine the lecturer, his impetuous manner, his tumultuous ideas, the crowding audience, the tense atmosphere—our modern age views great issues with such calm complaisance, such easy indifference! But it was beneath the dignity of a former professor to take up the challenge of a student. Bruno attempted to withdraw from the room. Instantly there was turmoil; rough hands were laid on the offender, angry students asserting that the aspersions on Aristotle were an insult to them as Christians. Shortly afterward, Bruno left Paris. Before going, he took steps with a view to re-entering the Church, without re-entering the Dominican Order. Several Church dignitaries were consulted, but with no better reply than that they could not absolve him from apostasy. It is significant of the trend of events that a contemporary diary, commenting on the books which Bruno was publishing, referred to him as "a philosopher who is more subtle than is good for his safety." From Paris, he went to Germany, for the most part with the same ill fortune, though one or two German towns proved a notable exception to the general intolerance. Marburg, the first University to which he now turned, forbade him to teach philosophy publicly—Marburg was Protestant and Bruno had announced himself as a "doctor in Roman theology": that was enough. Throughout his wanderings, Protestant centres rejected him because of his catholicism, Catholic centres because of his unorthodoxy, and everyone because of his attitude toward Aristotle,—and this in spite of the fact that he fully recognized Aristotle's greatness, though regarding subservience to the philosophy as a bar to human progress.

Gradually, Bruno had been evolving and perfecting his own philosophical system. While he ceaselessly attacked existing moulds, he had no desire, so far as the established Church was concerned, to be an innovator and to establish a new belief. Like many another son of the Church, he hoped to transform the Catholic faith, purging it of superstitions and of rigid dogmas, many

of which, he claimed, the ecclesiastical authorities themselves either misunderstood or misinterpreted. But the main body of teachings, the religion of the mass of the people, he believed must be maintained, as he recognized its dogmas as adumbrations of truth. His own interpretations he aimed to withhold from the masses, and disclose only to those who possessed understanding. "Men not less learned than religious have never obstructed philosophic freedom, and true, politic and experienced thinkers have supported religions; for both the one and the other know that faith is necessary for the organization of rude folk, who require government, and that ratiocination is for the thoughtful who can govern themselves." Accordingly, he was always convinced of the true catholicity of his own beliefs, and that, had he but access to the learned heads of the Faith, he could convince them of the soundness of his position and be restored to the Church. Frequently he makes the distinction between philosophy and faith, "speaking like a Christian and according to theology", and "speaking after the manner of philosophy"—maintaining that, on this basis, widely divergent views could be advocated simultaneously and compatibly, a point which met with little sympathy from his judges later on.

To attempt to give even a résumé of his philosophy in the short scope of an article, would be rather like trying to pour the ocean into a cup. The two aspects of it that are most pertinent are the theosophical elements which relate him to the Movement, and his speculations in the field of natural science. In his early work he adopted much from Neo-Platonic sources, particularly the doctrine of emanations, and showed their influence to some extent throughout his life. In addition to a masterly knowledge of Aristotle, and familiarity with the works of the Church Fathers, which doubtless were a part of his monastic training, he read the Arabian thinkers, Aviçenna, Averrhoes, Algazel. These he turned to primarily, no doubt, for their commentaries on Aristotle; but the numerous avenues of thought which their works would open up, at once become apparent, as is also the case with Avempace and the Spanish Jew, Avicebron. He knew Hebrew, and it is natural to wonder whether the vast lore of the Kabala may not have come to him in this way. From Pico della Mirandola and similar writers, he gathered what they could give of the Chaldean, Assyrian, Persian, Indian and Egyptian teachings. Paracelsus was another whom Bruno studied and admired, and also Ramon Lull and Albertus Magnus, with particular reference to the latter's book on alchemy. Throughout his life, he seems to have been interested in alchemy and in occult phenomena, and at his trial he stated frankly that, while he had never studied the subject, he was about to make a study of judicial astrology. However, for conjuration, incantation and the like, he had the utmost contempt. Phenomena, magic, miracles, meant to him natural results, due to natural causes which we do not as yet recognize or comprehend, but which may be discovered eventually.

The Absolute—that is, God transcendent—he regarded as the special province of theology or revelation. It was the immanence of God, and the

contemplation of God-immanent-in-Nature, which became the central idea in Bruno's thought, and the main impetus of his life. "Once intellectual love is aroused, nothing else will really satisfy. We are indeed bound to the body, and restricted by our vegetative life; but our proper activity is, in ceaseless strife, to contemplate the divine object, whereby we shall bear even the most terrible of life's evils with unshaken mind. . . . Man 'becomes a god through intellectual contact with that transcendent object, and has no thought but of divine things, and shows himself insensible and unmoved by that which ordinary men feel most of all; but, through love of the divine, he disdains all other enjoyments and takes no thought of life.' "

In the study of nature and of natural science, he found not only an approach to God, but actual first-hand experience. "The flaming bodies of space are the messengers of God, declaring his excellent glory and majesty. Thus our vision is enlarged to behold the infinite effect of the infinite Cause, and we are taught to seek the divinity not far off but closer to us than we are to ourselves." To his investigations in natural science, which were of course made immeasurably difficult because of the attitude of the period toward such matters, he brought the valiant spirit of the pioneer. "The task is not impossible though hard. The craven must stand aside. Ordinary, easy tasks are for the commonplace and the herd. Rare, heroic and divine men overcome the difficulties of the way and force an immortal palm from necessity. You may fail to reach your goal. Run the race nevertheless. Put forth your strength in so high a business. Strive on with your last breath."

It was the theory of Copernicus (who died five years before Bruno was born) which first led Bruno to turn from Aristotelian teaching. In a measure, it was Copernicus, too, who led to his investigations of nature, for, once having accepted the heliocentric theory, Bruno was quick to go far beyond it. Aristotle had taught that nature is bounded by the outer sphere of the fixed stars, and that this is moved by God as prime mover, in a uniform circle round the earth. After all one's forebears for centuries past had walked on an earth which was the centre of the universe, and had had Biblical assurance of various cosmological facts such as Joshua's manipulation of the sun, it must have been distinctly dislocating to learn that the sun never had done other than stand still, but that all else was gyrating through space, and through a space which, in its turn, grew from a comfortable size to infinite proportions.

The method used by the Lodge at this period is notable. To some extent the work of Copernicus had been anticipated by Cusa in the preceding century, but at that time, to have promulgated such doctrine openly would have been suicidal. Unsafe it was still, in Copernicus' day. It was not until his life was ending that he published his conclusions, and there is the well-known story of the volume being given to the dying man too late for him to learn that his printer—fearing the consequences of publication—had altered the preface and stated that the contents were mere hypothesis and should be regarded as such. The work of both Copernicus and Bruno was of a nature

to reach the learned, and as the so-called learned of that day rejected and suppressed it, it might well have been lost, and that century's effort toward the liberation of mankind have been made in vain. Then, by a skilful counterplay, so to speak, came the work of Galileo (born 1564). Somewhere off in space—Holland, to be exact—there had been invented a little pocket telescope which was within the reach of the masses and had aroused popular interest. Galileo adopted this instrument, improved upon it, enlarged its range, and with his own hands manufactured hundreds of them, which were in demand all over Europe. Incidentally, he examined with its aid a new star which appeared at this time, and also studied the moon, with startling results. His *acceptance* of the Copernican theory belonged to an earlier date, but open championship now followed, in the face of inevitable opposition and persecution. Galileo possessed the qualities of a good fighter, and life gave him abundant opportunity to employ them. He took the stand that "Holy Writ is intended to teach men to go to Heaven, not how the heavens go." He himself, as is well known, was tried by the Inquisition and bound to silence; but he and his adherents, both by the nature and methods of his investigations and by writing in the vernacular, had given the teaching to the masses, disclosing to them the fact that such knowledge does exist, that the foundations of centuries of dogmatism were insecure, perhaps already passing, and that a wider, deeper and freer outlook was possible: the leaven had been disseminated where it could least be counteracted, and where it must, in time, work effectually, from the bottom up.

Bruno's soaring imagination and penetrating insight, accepting the theory of the seven planets circling round our sun, passed on to the possibility of countless suns and an infinity of planets circling round them,—not only the universe visible or imaginable to us ordinarily, but an infinite universe, occupying infinite space, "From which contemplation, if we apply the mind, we shall neither be dismayed by incidence of pain and dread, nor exult in pleasure and hope; we shall pursue the path of right conduct, shall be large-minded observers of puerile thoughts, and shall behold greater matters than gods whom the vulgar adore; we shall secure clear-sighted contemplation of the course of nature, which is written in ourselves, and observe, with even tenor, those divine laws which are graven in our hearts." These other worlds are souls and contain souls, some of which are higher than we are, some lower. He postulates, also, plants and minerals of some sort in these worlds of space.

In one direction after another, he foreshadowed the accepted thought of subsequent centuries, even to the present day. Traces of his philosophy are found in the theories of a number of the later philosophers, and his marked influence on Spinoza is widely recognized. He was interested in gravitation and, in a way, anticipated Newton. His statement that everywhere there is incessant relative change in position throughout the universe, and that the observer is always at the centre of things, is a suggestion, at least, of the modern relativity theory. "It seems to me more than likely," he writes, "since everything shares in like, that a countless multitude of creatures live

not only in us but in all composite things"—a statement which of course finds its counterpart in *The Secret Doctrine*, and in much of twentieth century science, as does his astronomical theory that "particles are incessantly shot out through space from each of these worlds to other worlds and from one body to another, bodies being a composition of these." He recognized geological and other natural changes, with their far-reaching consequences. The sun, its light and heat, and the properties of the atmosphere surrounding it, were further subjects for his keen speculation.

It was at Frankfort, famous for its printing and bookselling, and for its fairs, where congregated men from all over Europe, that Bruno, interested in publishing certain of his books, made the connection which proved his undoing. Here a Venetian, Giovanni Mocenigo, wrote asking him to come to Venice, and promising hospitality and protection in return for instruction in the memory system. Bruno was eager to go to Italy, ever hoping to return to the Roman Church, with permission to live in his own province, though not in his monastery. With the charges brought against him in his youth still pending, his fate at the hands of the Inquisition would have been a foregone conclusion almost anywhere else in Italy. Venice, however, had long maintained and jealously guarded her independence of Papal encroachments; within her jurisdiction, heretics were reasonably safe; also, there were many learned and scholarly men in Venice at the time, and printers and printers' wares were allowed a degree of latitude which meant some semblance of freedom of thought. In addition, there was his long-standing conviction that men of real learning, such as he persistently deemed the heads of the Church to be, could be made to see his position in a satisfactory light. Whatever his reasoning, he accepted the invitation, and joined Mocenigo in Venice, in 1592. In a short time, whether from disagreement, dissatisfaction and pique, or whether by a pre-arranged plan and deliberate malice, his host made him prisoner and turned him over to the Inquisition. Mocenigo claimed that he did not receive the teaching agreed upon, and misrepresented and travestied what had been given him, practically assuring the condemnation of his victim. How much of this misrepresentation may have been with evil intent, and how much of it ignorant and stupid misunderstanding, it is impossible to judge. Either motive might prompt, for instance, the statement that Bruno said human beings were made from refuse (possibly a distortion of our teaching of the skandhas). Bruno, for his part, declared that Mocenigo threatened his life and honour, unless he would teach *what he could teach no one*. This phrase assumes a special significance when coupled with the mention in the inquisitorial records of his possible intention of forming a new sect.

Bruno was tried by the Venetian Inquisition; then, after lengthy negotiations with the authorities in Rome, was sent for retrial there. While the record of the trial in Venice is available, much of what happened during the years that followed is practically a blank. He disappeared into the dungeons of the Roman Inquisition in 1593. In the majority of such cases, sentence was passed quickly. Imprisonment was short—a year, or a year and a half,

was a long delay. Why Bruno was an exception to this rule is a mystery; where he was incarcerated from 1593 to 1598, equally so. There could be nothing gained by dwelling here on the details of either the Venetian or the Roman trial. No advocate was allowed the prisoner; he pleaded his own cause. Anyone could bring accusations against him; the accuser and all witnesses were heard by themselves, and not even their names were disclosed to him. Distortions and perversions of his doctrines formed a considerable part of the charges; one accusation after another with which he was confronted, he disposed of to the seeming satisfaction of the court, only to have the same point brought up again later, with baffling persistence, as though it had not been previously touched upon. His life, his trial, his death, can, if we allow them, fan the flames of partisan feeling—fanaticism added to fanaticism, like producing like. But they can equally, if we will it, turn us with all the force there is in us, from the bigotry and intolerance which are the heritage of the human race, and will be so, unendingly, until it learns to recognize the qualities of the lower nature and ally itself with the higher.

There is one aspect of the situation, viewed *in toto*, which is particularly worth noting. The new life and quickening power apparent throughout the Renaissance, could only have meant, on the inner plane, a tremendous outpouring of spiritual force,—an impetus which presumably should have carried all Christendom vast distances toward the goal. In one sense, the Italian people were an admirable medium, plastic, artistically sensitive, keenly responsive, possessed of rare qualities and gifts; they caught the inspiration and gave it objective form, working miracles of beauty and loveliness which, as long as they endure, will hold for mankind a breath of the same inspiration that gave them birth. Yet must there not have been hope of even greater—loftier—results from such an outgiving? Here was a race of geniuses, superbly attuned to higher things, yet engrossed in play; fashioning objects of divine loveliness, yet unaware of the call to rise and live lives of beauty yet more divine. Is it too much, then, to say that the Renaissance—with all its magnificent achievement and its immeasurable beneficence to the race—fell short of its purpose; and that, not finding expression on its rightful plane, the divine afflatus, still in the hands of men, was debased and given expression on a lower level? The men of the next century, who felt and expressed this force, were men of a different mould; their interest, activity and life were primarily intellectual—not intellectual in the lofty sense that Bruno made the term convey, but, rather, mental. And as *demon est deus inversus*, it is easy to understand the diabolical craft and cruelty, the ambition and greed, the rigid sectarianism and fierce intolerance which characterized the period. Spanish despotism in Italy, the immense and jealously-guarded power of the Papacy (that "panic-stricken hierarchy in terror for its life"), the Inquisition, the machinations of certain of the religious Orders, the virtual putrefaction of the social state, all made a rich field for the Black Lodge—many able instruments at hand, and force of the loftiest origin and most dynamic type dragged down for the basest ends. On a vast scale, it is an illustration of the mind slaying the real.

Bruno was burned at the stake in February, 1600. Some years earlier, he had written, "I have fought: it is much . . . . Victory lies in the hands of Fate. Be that with me as it may, whoever shall prove conqueror, future ages will not deny that I did not fear to die, was second to none in constancy, and preferred a spirited death to a craven life." He might almost have been writing with prescience of the tragic horror of this last chapter of his life. Following a long-drawn trial, eight years' imprisonment, presumably in a Roman dungeon, the gradual wearing away of every vestige of hope, his last words show again the unfaltering courage of the man, the splendid vision, the profound understanding of the meaning and purpose of his life. No cry or groan escaped his lips in the midst of the flames, and his last words were those of Plotinus: "Vast power was needed to reunite that which is divine in me with that which is divine in the universe."

J. C.

Sweetness of days and rest and dallying
Have never lifted any fallen thing,
City nor house. EURIPIDES.

The really devout man has a horror of evil but he has a still greater love of that which is good; he is more set on doing what is right, than avoiding what is wrong. Generous, large-hearted, he is not afraid of danger in serving God, and would rather run the risk of doing his will imperfectly than not strive to serve him lest he fail in the attempt. GROU.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Student announced that he had brought with him some Jottings,—notes he had made during recent weeks of things he had heard said by others, as well as of thoughts which had occurred to him as a result of his own reading and meditation. He asked if they would be of any use in the "Screen", handing them to the Recorder, who at once began to read them aloud:

> "In *The Crest Jewel of Wisdom*, by Shankara Acharya, translated by Charles Johnston, one of the Four Qualifications for discipleship is said to be right discrimination between the Real and the Unreal: 'The Divine Eternal is real, the world is illusion: a complete certainty of this is declared to be Discernment between the Eternal and the non-eternal.'
>
> "'The world is illusion': but we shall never find the Real world *there*, except as we find it *here*, that is to say, we must seek for, and hold fast to, the real values, the spiritual significances, of this world. Thus, we must learn to see in a beautiful sunset, not merely its radiance of colour, not merely its tenderness or its majesty, but its intimations, and the pathway it directly invites us to follow. We must learn to see in it an outer and visible sign of an inward and spiritual condition, or state of being, the glory and marvel of which infinitely transcend that at which we gaze,—more so than the rays of Dante's Rose in the *Paradiso* transcend any mortal beauty. We must recognize clearly the evil of the world and its innumerable illusions, but we must at the same time learn to see in it a perpetual revelation of divine purpose, of divine compassion, and of the heights to which man can and should rise when freed from the worldly spirit. And whatever we see truly, both of good and evil, will necessarily translate itself into terms of will, which means right action."

"Any comment?" the Recorder asked.

Said the Philosopher: "One of the Christian saints is quoted to the effect that not only the sky and the stars, but the sight of a blade of grass, is enough to inflame with the love of God a heart which knows him. By 'God', he meant Christ (it was St. Ignatius), and in terms of chêlaship it would mean a disciple's own Master, whether Christ, Buddha or any other."

"I hope", the Ancient commented, "that what has been said will have made it clear that 'the Real' is a relative term; that we cannot jump from where we now are to some mentally inconceivable Absolute, but should move a step at a time, from the unreal to the less unreal, and from that to the world of comparatively changeless values and changeless form,—I mean to the world of perfect manifestation, to the world of Masters. Mysticism may easily become misty and vague: it is then false, not true mysticism; but in Kali Yuga, the Black or Iron Age, it is difficult to escape the perversion of any truth. One of the purposes of a Divine incarnation—the life on earth of an Avatar—is to give mankind a concrete image of the Eternal, which the mind, to some extent, can grasp, which the human heart can love and strive to imitate and serve.

Some people object that this means the worship of a person; I have known Christians who feel that the worship of Christ is 'idolatrous', and 'High', and that their worship should be bestowed exclusively on 'God the Father'. Heaven help them! If they can find him, they are welcome to worship him; but so long as they themselves are creatures of limitation like the rest of us, it is useless and worse than useless, to try to rise to the plane of the Unmanifest, of the Boundless All. We cannot sufficiently idolize the heart, mind, soul, the nature and spirit of a Master. There is no true happiness on earth or in heaven, except in so far as we learn to forget ourselves, to lose ourselves, in that consuming love."

"The next of the Student's Jottings", the Recorder now said, "reads as follows:

> "To surrender the allurements of the senses, does not mean that you attempt to deny or to belittle their (relative) reality. On the contrary, you should surrender them with full recognition of the dreadful fascination they can exercise, of the immense power they have acquired over the personal nature. You have to reverse the habit of ages when you begin to tear yourself away from their grasp. . . .
>
> "Love of beauty for its own sake is a great danger. It leads directly to the morass of sensuality. It is different from the pure love of art, for art is creative, while love of beauty may be entirely negative. To *stop at* the worship of that which is beautiful, without carrying the worship further, to that which is good and true (God, in some form or other), is to use a spiritual faculty to defeat spiritual ends."

"Any comment?" the Recorder again asked.

"Rather misleading as it stands, I fear", the Philosopher objected. "Many people would infer that it justifies 'art for art's sake', in the sense that art knows neither good nor evil, and may be regarded as distinct from, if not above, the sphere of morals,—a detestable doctrine, which I well know the Student would not endorse."

"Few things I hate more than that doctrine", the Student answered. "Art, if it be true art, is creative as the Logos is creative; art is either a revelation, a divine function, or it is a perversion: at best, a mere cleverness, a 'stunt.' The supreme examples of art, in my opinion, are the parables of the Master Christ; they are pictures of ordinary things, painted so as to reveal eternal beauties, eternal truths, eternal goodness. The Venus of Milo is a revelation, not only of beauty, but of dignity, purity, poise, and of the simplicity which is the very soul of truth. There are innumerable works of art, in painting, sculpture, poetry, prose, music, architecture, as well as in the minor branches, which reveal, through the material and by means of it, the artist's vision of the spiritual and real world. The test of art is its power of evocation. The light of dawn on a great mountain, evokes the Spirit in man. In that case, the Spirit of nature is the artist, and Spirit speaks to Spirit. The same must be true before a work of human art can be worthy of the name. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' To paint mere ugliness—that is to say, something which does not arouse a sense of the beautiful or of the good—and to call it a work

of art merely because it is well painted, is a misuse of terms as inexcusable as the confusion of an animal instinct, or its perversion, with real love. True, many people do not know the difference, but those who do, should protest as vehemently in the one case as in the other. We must uphold our standards and our ideals, and cannot do so unless we insist that words be used in their legitimate and true sense. To use black and white as synonymous terms is grossly misleading and, to my mind, intolerable. Any man can call himself or another an artist, just as any man can call himself or another a great lover: the question is whether he has any right to use such words to describe the facts."

"I sympathize", the Philosopher replied, "but it seems to me that your definition limits art to what might be called Buddhic or spiritual art, and that, recognizing art as one of man's creative functions or capacities, we can understand it only as we understand him. There is no general answer to the question, 'What is man?' If you say,—body, soul and spirit, you omit the fact that multitudes of men are soulless,—are elementals in human form. You are on safe ground only if you say what he ought to be, or ought to become, and you can point to certain great examples of manhood to illustrate your thesis. Even so, you would have to allow for the different planes on which a man can normally and properly function, as, let us say, on the Buddhic subplane of each of the planes of action; you would have to allow also for the way in which a man, until he has attained a very high degree of stability, and is unusually far advanced in terms of evolution, is likely to drop from his high-water mark to some lower level of consciousness, and therefore of 'creation'. I was talking about this with a friend not long ago, who cited Rubens as an example: his marvellous picture of the Virgin and Saint Ildefonso in Vienna, inspired, inspiring, and beautiful, in every sense of the words; his portraits in the Musée Plantin in Antwerp, full of interest, full of intellectual perception, not beautiful but far from 'merely ugly',—revelations of the people of his period, priceless historical documents; and then the Rubens gallery in the Louvre, 'the butcher's shop', as General Ludlow called it—miles, as it seems, of coarse female flesh, ugly, revolting, utterly inartistic in any true sense of the word (no matter how well painted technically). A woman's form can be, and in exceptional cases is, the most beautiful thing in nature,—supremely lovely; but nudity for the sake of nudity, or flesh for the sake of flesh, or ugliness for the sake of ugliness,—these are abominations. I agree absolutely with the Student that nothing 'merely ugly' can be artistic, or can be worthy the name of art, no matter by whom 'created'. Nor can exact reproduction be art, though a photograph can be artistic. The great artist sees as God sees, so to speak, and then conveys his vision to others, in paint or stone, in poetry or in music,—through any medium he has mastered."

"Do you mean," asked our Visitor, "that a painter should not attempt to portray an ugly face?"

"Before I answer your question, let us revert to principles and see if we are in accord there. My thesis is that all real works of art must express or evoke

something of each aspect of the Platonic trinity,—something of the Beautiful, the True, the Good. I have spoken of the Parables of Christ as perfect works of art, because I think they manifest all three aspects of that trinity, equally. Works of art may be astonishingly great though they reveal one aspect—perhaps that of Beauty—more vividly than the other two. I deny, however, that they can be devoid of the other two. Take, for instance, a painting of the Crucifixion which includes the face and figure of the impenitent thief: a face hardened in sin, rebellious and brutal. No beauty in that face, some would say. But what does it evoke? What *is* revealed, by use of contrast, is the beauty of the other figures. The evil and ugliness are portrayed truly because the good and the beautiful are truly portrayed, the result being that love and admiration for these are evoked in the beholder. The artist may or may not have perceived this himself, for artists in most cases are mediums, and only the very greatest among them are creators in the true sense; but if he be a true and honest medium—using that word in the sense of transmitter—something more than a clever technician—then the portrayal and the effect produced will be as I have indicated.

"All true art 'comes down from above', out of the real world: from where else can it come? Reflected here, on the clouds of this world of unreality, it cannot fail to express the values and meaning of the place of its origin. In the real world, ugliness and evil are non-existent of themselves; they are but perversions of beauty and of goodness: so an artist worthy of the name, can only use them to throw beauty and goodness into higher relief. Those who cannot see this, cannot see art, however much they clamour; they are like children, scrawling on their slates, who insist that their scrawlings must have this or that interpretation. We say they are children, and we exercise indulgence: the error comes in, on our part, if we take them seriously. Those who are unreal themselves, can only exist—they and their art—in terms of unreality: illusion chasing illusion. We must see things for what they are; must be indulgent, and must work for the real.

"Now consider the problem of portraiture; take, for example, Raphael's portrait of Pope Julius II: is it not a revelation of character which evokes a more intelligent understanding both of good and evil, with an increased desire for what is good? Clearly, it is a great work of art; because so true, it serves to reveal, by contrast, the vision of beauty and goodness which overhangs and enwraps the world, and without which no one could ever paint at all. We see a man, supposed to be the 'Vicar of Christ', dressed in the regalia and surrounded by emblems of his Papal position; to put it mildly, he does not show a trace of holiness: his face is as worldly as it can possibly be. In art, as in all else, 'we find what we bring'. Gazing at that portrait, a visitor whose main preoccupation is the technique of painting, will be lost in admiration of the technique it displays; another, in whom contempt for religion predominates, will have all his prejudices confirmed; but a third may say to himself: 'The Good Shepherd, who gave his life for his sheep,—and that man his representative on earth! Oh, pity, pity, so great a sorrow and disgrace!' The principle

of contrast will have done its work; Truth will have established some clearer vision of eternal Beauty and of the eternal Good.

"There are portraits in the Musée Plantin which seem to reveal nothing but avarice or gluttony; but Rubens must have seen those vices most clearly for what they were, whether conscious of it or not (many poets having given us visions of spiritual truth which their whole life and conversation prove they could not have understood), and painted them so truly, with such depth of recognition, that the result cannot fail to arouse heart-searching, which, after all, is often the beginning of wisdom.

"Therefore, in answer to your question—whether a painter should attempt to portray an ugly face—I should say that if he is able to see beauty behind the plain features (and surely all of us have seen that in many plain faces: beauty of character, beauty of soul), and believes he can paint that while truly portraying the features,—he has a splendid opportunity to create a work of art. He may, however, see no beauty in it anywhere, and may still find it possible, without betrayal of his art, to paint it with intense and creative interest,—just as I, if I were an artist and had extraordinary faith in my ability, should be thankful for the opportunity to paint a man like Lloyd George, hoping to be able to put into my portrayal the entire history of the Peace Conference and Versailles Treaty and of much that has happened since, as a record of the truth, as an everlasting explanation, as a revelation of the unseen, as a warning to future generations, as a prayer, an evocation, an appeal. It would have to be true to life to the last detail, and it would have to be true to all the past of that life, as embodied in the flesh before me. What a chance! Absolutely fair, absolutely the truth,—seeing as a Master might see, with complete detachment, from a great height. To paint that kind of a portrait that way (if it could be done!), would mean that it would bring men to their knees before God, dumb with terror of themselves, desperately longing for something better, nobler than themselves, with gaze turned, no matter how blindly, to the eternal Beauty which is Wisdom and Love in one: truly 'a flight of the alone to the Alone'."

"A subject to fill volumes", the Historian remarked; "you are bold to have said as much—or so little, seeing that life itself is the greatest of the fine arts, and that he who lives truly, virtuously, and beautifully, is the greatest artist of them all, and the best able to appreciate artistic values of every kind, even without possessing the technique."

"It seems to me, however," our Visitor now objected, "that there is a flat contradiction between two of the statements upon which the Philosopher based his argument. He said: 'By their fruits ye shall know them', and also, 'We find what we bring'. If we find what we bring, it must follow that one and the same work of art may arouse evil in one person and good in another."

"I accept your inference, but fail to see the contradiction", the Philosopher replied. "Granting that both statements are true—and very clearly they are —I should venture to claim that two truths can never be contradictory: that is fundamental. The Master Christ (and a Master is in himself the greatest

of all 'works of art', with the Logos as 'creator')—Christ evoked the best in some people and the worst in others. It is always so and always must be so. You seem to forget a third and very important principle, namely, that it takes two to tell the truth, one to speak it and another to hear it. Free Will is not merely a theory; it is a fact."

Our Visitor made no reply. He was obviously trying to work it out for himself, and perhaps to reconcile what had been said with some of his preconceptions.

"The next Jotting", the Recorder now said, "is perhaps by a different hand. In any case, it is a violent change of subject:

> "It would be a strange mistake to suppose that the Masters work on one plane only, or that the Theosophical Movement is the only expression of their activity among men. Of necessity they strive to reach all classes and types and conditions; strive to meet all spiritual needs of every degree. H.P.B. began her work, as Lodge Messenger, in 1875. It was in June, 1875, while Moody, the Evangelist, was engaged in the London mission, that a movement was set on foot to bring him to New York. It was on February 7th, 1876, that his work in New York began. He died on December 22nd, 1899. H.P.B. died on May 8th, 1891. Superficially their work was almost opposite in character. In fundamental purpose, although on a very different plane, it was similar. Moody was unsectarian. The *New York Times*, commenting editorially on his work, and that of Sankey, while their mission was in progress (that of 1876), said that 'the drift and purpose of their teaching is for men to come out of themselves, to forget themselves, and to be filled with a belief and ideal which is far beyond and above feeble humanity. . . . The drunken have become sober, the vicious virtuous, the worldly and self-seeking unselfish . . . and a better principle has entered the sordid life of the day, through the labours of these plain men.'
>
> "Judging by another editorial in the same newspaper (quoted in *D. L. Moody*, by William R. Moody, published by Macmillan, 1930), there were signs of grace in those days, seeing that in any case New York did not think itself perfect: 'The great difficulty of the day in the way of religion is indifferentism, and whatever breaks that up is useful. . . . Perhaps a new barrier will be raised to the increasing tide of greed and dishonesty. Possibly a generation will arrive with higher aims than the one whose views and corruptions have become rank before Heaven. For, after all, public morality is only private honour, and the best "defence of honour" is the fear of God.'
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> "Moody would not tolerate emotionalism at his meetings. Everything exciting or sensational was avoided. There were none of the 'outbreaks' common in revivals. Contemporary newspaper reports speak of his audiences as 'singularly calm and still.'
>
> "In the nature of things, it would be as absurd to compare Moody's work with that of H.P.B., as to compare a stonemason with a Leonardo; there is simply no point of comparison. None the less, looking back over the centuries, I believe it will prove helpful and instructive to keep the principle in mind which the juxtaposition of their names suggests."

There was general agreement but no comment. The Student had not claimed that Moody *was* "used" or "helped"; he had merely suggested it as a

possibility in order to illustrate a principle. On that basis, it would have been difficult to disagree. There are times when he is not deliberately provocative.

The Philosopher now announced that he wanted to talk about a book. "It is not often", he said, "that one is able to recommend a book without reserve. In this case, I can. It is called *An Introduction to the History of Mysticism;* it is by Margaret Smith, M.A., Ph.D., author of *Rābi'a the Mystic*, and is published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London (The Macmillan Co., New York), for the sum of one dollar and sixty cents in America; four shillings in England. It is exactly what it purports to be: an introduction. The range of quotation is not wide, but is admirably selected. It is simply and clearly written. The writer is in complete sympathy with her subject. She makes no effort to display 'learning', but knows all that it is necessary to know for her immediate purpose. Her approach is entirely theosophical: 'Mysticism', she says, 'denotes something which is to be found, in a highly developed state, in the early religious doctrines of the East; in the Vedic literature; in Buddhism both in India and in China . . . in Sūfism . . . in Judaism . . . in Greece and in the West.' Yet her book is published by the S. P. C. K., which, not so many years ago, was as narrow and sectarian an organization as could be found anywhere outside the Vatican and Brahminical India. It is a book that can be given to the most orthodox of the Protestant clergy, with the equivalent of *Nihil obstat; Imprimatur* etc., on the fly-leaf. I should like every student of Theosophy to read it—yes, to read it, by which I do not mean to skim through it, in order to collect 'quotations', and to add one more scalp to his collection of 'books read', but to read it meditatively, asking himself at the end of each sentence or so, if he has learned to act instinctively on the truth set forth; if he has made it a part of his innermost nature, or if, instead, that particular 'truth' is merely one of ten thousand things which he believes with his head, but which have made no closer contact with his will, than my belief, for instance, that the earth revolves around the sun. In different chapters the book deals with the Nature and Meaning of Mysticism, Hebrew and Jewish Mysticism, Mysticism in the New Testament, in Classical Times, in the Early Christian Church, in the Orient, of the Early Middle Ages, English, German, Flemish, Italian and Spanish Mysticism, and concludes with Modern Mysticism, an Epilogue, a Bibliography and Index.

"The substance of mysticism, as understood by the author, may be given, partly in her words and partly in the words of Tauler: 'The hindrance to true union is sin, and the essence of sin is self-assertion and self-will; therefore the soul must die to self, and to such death "eternal life answers." . . . When "the outward man has been converted into the inward, reasonable man, and the powers of the senses and the powers of the reason are gathered up into the very centre of the man's being—the unseen depths of his spirit, wherein lies the image of God—and thus he flings himself into the Divine abyss, in which he dwelt eternally before he was created; then the Godhead bends down and descends into the depths of the pure, waiting soul, and transforms the

created soul, drawing it up into the uncreated essence, so that the spirit becomes one with Him."'

"Incidentally, the last part of what I have quoted is from one of Tauler's sermons, 'for the 15th Sunday after Trinity.' Tauler, an Alsatian, preached to overflowing congregations, in vast Cathedrals,—which suggests that the people of the fourteenth century were considerably more alive spiritually than those of to-day. The author again shows good understanding when saying that the religious movement of that period 'arose mainly as the result of the troublous times through which Europe was passing, when wars and famine and pestilence turned men's minds to inner things' [Prosperity-worshippers, Pacifists, Socialists, Bolshevists and others, please draw your different conclusions].

"Whole-hearted appreciation of the book, does not mean that I agree with the author at all points. For one thing, she uses the term 'pantheistic' too readily in my opinion. Krishna, speaking as the Logos in the *Bhagavad Gîta*, is represented as saying: 'Whosoever knoweth me to be the mighty Ruler of the universe and without birth or beginning, he among men, undeluded, shall be liberated from all his sins . . . . I established this whole universe with a single portion of myself, and remain separate.' (Another translation, instead of 'I established', gives, 'I stand establishing',—suggesting continuity of action). This means that the Logos is both immanent and transcendent. Practically every true mystic has adopted that view, or, rather, has seen that as the truth. Some have emphasized the aspect of immanence, others that of transcendence; but all would agree fundamentally. 'Where'er thou seest a veil, beneath that veil He hides', is not Pantheism; Jami recognized the transcendence of Deity as clearly as any Vedantin.

"In the second place, the author misunderstands Buddhism. She writes sympathetically, and clearly tries to be just and even generous, but adds: 'Yet Buddhism has no God; the knowledge that leads to enlightenment and so to Nirvana is not the direct intuition of the Absolute . . . .' She has acquired her information at second-hand from those who confuse the Buddhism of Ceylon, Siam and Burma, with the Buddhism of Buddha, ignoring the interpreters of Tibet, China, and Japan. She forgets that there are Buddhist theologians (atheologians, some of them should perhaps be called), and that almost any theologian, or his opposite, can make a sow's ear out of a silk purse. The facts are beyond dispute. Omitting entirely the Buddhist scriptures specially favoured by the Northern Buddhists, and relying solely upon the Pali Suttas and Vinaya Texts, we find in the *Mahavâgga* that after Gautama had attained Nirvana (and there are many exponents of Buddhism who assert that Nirvana means annihilation of consciousness!), he doubted the utility of revealing his Doctrine to the world,—thinking that men were too wrapped up in their own desires to be willing and able to understand it. In this crisis the supreme Brahmâ (the Logos, the Word) appealed to him, and only then did 'the Blessed One, when he had heard Brahmâ's solicitation', turn with renewed compassion to the needs of men, after which 'he addressed Brahmâ

Sahampati in the following stanza: "Wide opened is the door of the Immortal to all who have ears to hear; let them send forth faith to meet it"' (*Sacred Books of the East*, vol. XIII, pp. 84–88).

"I cannot multiply quotations. Here is one more. It is from the Tevigga Sutta (*S.B.E.*, vol. XI, p. 186). 'To the Tathâgata, when asked touching the path which leads to the world of Brahmâ, there can be neither doubt nor difficulty. For Brahmâ, I know, Vâsettha, and the world of Brahmâ, and the path which leadeth unto it. Yea, I know it even as one who has entered the Brahmâ world, and has been born within it!' Then, in Chapter III, the Buddha explains to Vâsettha at length, 'the way to a state of union with Brahmâ.'

"How do the priests of Southern Buddhism explain such statements away? I do not know, never having been interested in mental gymnastics. Why have so many Europeans who have written about Buddhism, accepted blindly the dogmas of the Southern Churches, instead of interpreting the original records for themselves, in the obvious sense? My answer is, first, that some exponents of Buddhism have not been honest: either they condemned it gladly as an atheistic system, or they praised it as an endorsement of their own prejudices. Second, many honest investigators have attempted to explain Buddhism as if it had no ancestry, no past, no background; it is as if someone tried to explain the life and labours of Christ without any reference to Judaism. No one can understand Buddhism unless he sees in it an effort to reform Brahminism. Buddha did not come to destroy the law or the prophets; he came to fulfil. The interpretation of the Vedas, and even of the Upanishads, had become the prerogative of a narrow caste, with fierce rivalry between different schools and colleges, their only point of agreement being that between them they held the keys of heaven and hell, to the exclusion of the rest of humanity. The Brahmins, like many people of the modern world (there have been some within the ranks of the Theosophical movement), mistook ability to discuss religion, for religion.

"In brief, religion, in the true sense, had become hopelessly sectarian and dead. Buddha refused to discuss the nature of God, or of the soul, simply because this would have meant entering into controversy with a hundred different sects, all of them splitting hairs over definitions. Such discussions had become a national vice, time-wasting, futile, pernicious. Hence he is called an Atheist, though no more an Atheist, in fact, than Christ.

"Remember, please, that before attaining the illumination of Nirvana, Gautama had lived among these 'superior', quarrelling sectaries; that he must have hated, not only their quarrels, but the egotism, the self-centredness, the everlasting spinning around 'I', from which these quarrels arose; and then try to imagine, as I read, the weariness, as well as the humour, with which he must have uttered the following admonition ('All the Âsavas'), and the emphasis which I am sure he must have laid upon the many personal pronouns:

> "'Have *I* existed during the ages that are past, or have *I* not? What was *I* during the ages that are past? How was *I* during the ages that are past? *Having been what*, what did *I* become in the ages that are past?

Shall *I* exist during the ages of the future, or shall *I* not? What shall *I* be during the ages of the future? *How* shall *I* be during the ages of the future? *Having been what*, what shall *I* become during the ages of the future?'

"Or he debates within himself as to the present: 'Do *I* after all exist, or am *I* not? How am *I*? This is a being; whence now did it come, and whither will it go?'

"In him, thus unwisely considering, there springs up one or other of the six notions:

"As something true and real he gets the notion, 'I have a self!'

"As something true and real he gets the notion, 'I have not a self!'

"As something true and real, he gets the notion, 'By my self, I am conscious of myself!'

"As something true and real, he gets the notion, 'By my self, I am conscious of my non-self!'

". . . . This, brethren, is called the walking in delusion, the jungle of delusion, the wilderness of delusion, the puppet show of delusion, the writhing of delusion, the fetter of delusion.

"He spared them nothing. If ridicule could have killed, their sense of identity with the personality would have been destroyed for ever. Then, as now, some listened, understood, acted, while some did not. In some, the 'I' remained the centre of the universe, and Buddha's charm, his magic, his humour, his wisdom, his realization, his tremendous power, were as nothing against the ferocious love of man for his miserable little selfhood. But that is another story. My point is that no one can understand him without an understanding of the people whom he was addressing and of the different 'philosophical interpretations' with which their minds were packed. Buddha always tried to *cut under* these interpretations. He not only believed in God; he knew God and said so; but one result of this was that he acquired a distaste for arguing about the nature of God with Brahmins. Also, on general principles, he disliked futilities. In future editions of *An Introduction to the History of Mysticism*, the author will, I am confident, after further investigation, correct her misleading statement."

"As a 'filler' at the end of this 'Screen'", said the Philosopher, "let me suggest Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

"'Earth's crammed with Heaven,
" And every common bush afire with God.'"

"How about Christina Rossetti?" said the Student.

"'O ye, who taste that love is sweet,
" Set way-marks for all doubtful feet
" That stumble on in search of it.
" Sing notes of love: that some who hear
" Far off, inert, may lend an ear,
" Rise up and wonder and draw near.'"

T.

The Bhagavad-Gîta, translated by Arthur W. Ryder; The University of Chicago Press; price, $2.00.

The crowning virtue of this verse translation of the *Bhagavad Gîta* is the enthusiasm of the translator, who rightly calls it, in his dedication, "this most noble poem". The publishers err in calling this, on the wrapper, "the first complete, metrical translation in English", but Arthur Ryder himself pays due tribute to Edwin Arnold's *Song Celestial*, though he adds that it "diverges rather widely from the original, as regards both metrical form and the detail of interpretation".

Whether the Indian poem is more fitly rendered in English prose or verse, is a matter of taste, which each student must decide; but there can hardly be two views as to the excellence of Mr. Ryder's Introduction, in which he says of the *Bhagavad Gîta:* "Uncounted millions have drawn from it comfort and joy. In it they have found an end to perplexity, a clear, if difficult, road to salvation. Nor is it a mere document of completed history; its influence does not wane. Even in the West, in the face of prejudice and powerful organization, the Song gains an increasing respect, admiration and devotion. It wins its way with no violence, through sheer profundity and nobility."

Mr. Ryder has selected the English ballad metre, as, perhaps, best reproducing the Sanskrit verse in which the greater part of the poem is written, just as Dean Milman many years ago chose ballad verse for his translation of *The Story of Nala*, also an episode in the *Mahabharata;* but Mr. Ryder has further laid upon himself the obligation of rhyme, as Chapman did, in his ballad metre version of the *Iliad*, in which Keats discovered the demesne of deep-brow'd Homer. But there is, of course, no rhyme in the Sanskrit, with the result that the verse falls on the ear with a certain constraint, when bound by rhyme. Sometimes Mr. Ryder shows an almost preterhuman facility in handling rhymes, as, for example:

> Be slain and thus attain
> The sky most high;
> Or win, and revel in
> Earth's show below—
> Rise! Find a ready mind
> For rightful fight . . . .

Yet one is conscious of a certain abruptness, which is not in the original. As regards fidelity to the thought of the Sanskrit philosophical poem, one might write page after page of comment, but it may be said with confidence that Mr. Ryder has conscientiously sought a close literalness in interpretation, which he has, on the whole, succeeded in attaining, in spite of the additional handicap of rhyme which he imposes upon himself. Without question, he adheres more closely to the technical shading of the original than does Edwin Arnold, yet, as has been suggested, students of the earlier version may still hold it in their hearts. J.

Emerson and Asia, by Frederic Ives Carpenter; Harvard University Press; price $3.00.

Several years ago, Professor C. R. Lanman of Harvard set his class an examination paper in

the Upanishads, which he called "The Theosophy of India". Harvard is faithful to the same tradition, in giving to the world this valuable volume, which is in fact a study of Emerson's relation to the Archaic Wisdom, especially as handed down in Egypt and India, with the Arabic and Persian mystics as a bridge between these two more ancient lands.

That Emerson had deeply studied the *Bhagavad Gîta*, is evident from many of his essays; he quotes at length from the *Katha Upanishad:* "It is curious to find the selfsame feeling, that it is not immortality but eternity, not duration but a state of abandonment to the Highest . . . appearing in the farthest east and west . . . Yama, the lord of Death, promised Nachiketas, the son of Gautama, to grant him three boons . . ." and so in many passages.

The chief merit of Frederic Carpenter's book is, not that he once again calls attention to Emerson's Indian studies, but that he gives us several chapters in which Emerson's indebtedness to Plotinus and the Neo-Platonists is very completely stated, with equally full and valuable chapters recording Emerson's studies of Hafiz, Saadi and the Persian poets. These chapters are the best in the book, not only because this side of Emerson has never been so fully recognized before, but because Mr. Carpenter is far more familiar with the tradition of the Neo-Platonists than he is with what he calls "The Wisdom of the Brahmans", meaning thereby the *Upanishads* and the *Bhagavad Gîta*, although these books really record the wisdom, not of the Brahmans, but of the Rajanyas or Rajputs, as the fourth book of the *Bhagavad Gîta* specifically affirms. A lack of familiarity with these Sanskrit books more than once leads Mr. Carpenter into error; thus, on page 219, where he seems to confuse *L'Oupnekhat* with the *Zend-Avesta;* but *Oupnekhat* is the form which *Upanishad* took, in Anquetil-Duperron's Latin translation of the Persian version made by one of the Mogul princes. There is another slip on page 145, where Mr. Carpenter writes: "In like manner Emerson had described the 'Internal Check' in his Journals: *Vedanta. The Internal Check* . . . ." and goes on to quote, as from Emerson, a passage which in reality Emerson quotes from the *Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad* (3, 7, 3–23).

One can recommend this excellent work to everyone who is interested in the Eastern Wisdom, and in its slow renaissance in the West, of which Emerson was in a very real sense the precursor. J.

Maximes sur la Guerre, by René Quinton; Bernard Grasset, Paris, 1930.

The late René Quinton had an established reputation as a biologist and savant; but he can have no higher fame than to be remembered as the author of these *Maxims on War*. The friends who are responsible for the publication of the work, have noted the factor which gives Quinton's reflections a unique and individual quality. His "Maxims" were *lived* before they were composed. They germinated and ripened in the author's mind, while he was in active service at the front during the Great War.

For four and a half years René Quinton was *chef d'escadron* in the artillery. He was cited many times for personal bravery as well as for his qualities of leadership. At the time of his demobilization in 1919 he held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and in 1920 he was named a Commander of the Legion of Honour.

It would be hard to imagine anything less pacifist than the "Maxims". Quinton had no qualms about the performance of his military duties. What is more, he did not even regard them as duties, since they represented for him heaven-sent opportunities for the exercise of a normal masculine faculty, the combative instinct. War, he believed, is as necessary in the human species as it is in the lower kingdoms of Nature, for without war the masculine element in human nature tends to soften and to degenerate.

Some timid creatures might accuse this savant of being bloodthirsty, but that could only be possible if they persisted in the refusal really to assimilate his thought. The ideal which he offers implies continuous warfare on some plane or other, as long as the universe lasts, for his ideal is heroism. The hero seeks every opportunity to spend himself in battle, but this is because he desires with ardour to spend himself, even to destroy himself, that others may live. The hero of Quinton is not the "blond beast" of Nietzsche.

A few quotations may serve to give the reader some idea of the contents of the book.

"Men may dream that they do not love war. Nature loves strife and death."

"The conception of a peaceful Paradise is the conception of a slave. The need of repose is an accompaniment of inertia."

"The brave man is willing to give his life. The hero offers it."

"The hero is moved, not by duty but by love. Self-love conducts the multitude of mankind, but the love of others dominates the hero."

"The hero holds his body cheap, because it is foreign to him. The soul is identified with the body by the average man; for the hero they are distinct. His body is only his *valet d'armes*."

"Like the mother, the hero is a servant of the species; he conceives the end of his existence as something outside himself."

"An indomitable soul in a dominated body makes one a saint or a hero."

"Fatigue does not exist in war. The resources of the warrior are infinite. Fatigue is feebleness of soul."

One might continue to quote indefinitely. However, these few sentences help one to understand why Quinton regarded war as both desirable and indispensable. The warrior manifests qualities which are preëminently human, but which remain latent in most men. If all men could manifest those qualities spontaneously, physical and outward war would become unnecessary and would cease to be. But man still needs the outer stimulus of war, in order that he may become aware of his own potential humanity. That is one reason why war may be regarded not as a curse but as a blessing.

One prays that France may be served by many devotees like Quinton, when she faces her next great Trial by Battle. S. L.

Poetry of the Orient, An Anthology Of The Classic Secular Poetry Of The Major Eastern Nations, edited by Eunice Tietjens; New York, Alfred A. Knopf; $5.00.

This is an excellent selection of the characteristic secular verse of Arabia, Persia, China, Japan, and India. Religious and mystical verse are excluded because of "the enormous volume of material"; therefore familiar favourites do not appear,—and it is a commentary on the genius of two peoples, the Egyptians and Hebrews, that their contribution is on that account entirely unrepresented. There are historical introductions—which necessarily depend on the dating of modern accepted scholarship, with all its foreshortening—and brief, readable appraisals of national characteristics. A valuable bibliography and comprehensive index give the book unusual reference value. Pleasure grows with reading; omissions are judicious, difficulties in orthography are smoothed out, and the reader is given every assistance to penetrate the genius of perhaps unfamiliar and rarely beautiful worlds of thought and expression. The volume is an unconscious tribute to the success of one phase of the Theosophical Movement. A.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 353.—*I am told that there are six or eight Theosophical Societies in this country, and more in Europe. Are their teachings the same, or are they all varying sects like those of Christianity?*

ANSWER.—The term "Theosophy" means "Divine Wisdom", wherever and under whatever name it may be found. The name "Theosophy" has been given to the re-incarnation in the last century of the immemorial Movement on the part of the Lodge of Masters to bring to mankind a realization of the existence of the Ancient Wisdom, of which the Lodge is the custodian. There are several societies calling themselves "Theosophical", which use much of the older Theosophical literature and employ many of the terms in use by the "T.S.", but they have departed from the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom to such an extent that they have made a travesty of the name "Theosophy." The questioner will find a statement by the Editors of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, bearing upon this question, in the fly-leaf of the last and present numbers of the QUARTERLY. G. H. M.

ANSWER.—There is only one Theosophical Society, founded, as many of us believe, under the direction of Masters, by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and others in 1875. Since then, a number of other societies with wholly different spirit, purposes and methods, have appropriated the name and call themselves "Theosophical."

The pamphlet "The Theosophical Society and Theosophy", by H. B. Mitchell—obtainable from the Quarterly Book Department—explains what The Theosophical Society is and what it is not. As stated therein, Theosophy—Divine Wisdom—is not a body of dogmas or a creed. It has been described as "intellectually an attitude, practically a method, ethically a spirit, and religiously a life". Those who try to adopt the attitude, follow the method, act in the spirit, and live the life, are to that extent participants in the Theosophical Movement. Those who do not, are not connected with it, whatever their intellectual beliefs may be, or whatever the names by which they describe themselves. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—The Theosophical Society, of which the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY is the official organ, is the original society founded in 1875 by Madame Blavatsky, Mr. William Q. Judge and others at the express command of the Masters. Having had continuous life since it was founded, it has stood and still stands in the world as the present outer expression of the age-old Movement of the Great Lodge of Masters.

There are a number of supposedly similar organizations some of which are called theosophical, and probably their teachings vary. But, despite the wording of the question, that is not the real point. It is whether or not the methods and purposes of these organizations differ from the method and purpose of the *original* Theosophical Society. That they do so differ is self-evident. Otherwise there would be no reason for their existence, because, if interested in theosophical philosophy and in sympathy with the method and purpose of The Theosophical Society, their leaders and members could have joined this society and have remained on its roll. G. M. W. K.

QUESTION No. 354.—*In* Through the Gates of Gold *we read that it is not easy to go to hell—that it is as hard as to find one's way to the Golden Gate. But a Master said: "Wide is the gate and*

broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat", and, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Can these statements be reconciled?

ANSWER.—"Hell" is one of those words used with various connotations. The author of *Through the Gates of Gold* is discussing an experience, an attainment, for which few people are ready, and a line of thought which most people have never considered. Perhaps one may venture to paraphrase as follows the quotation mentioned: "It is not easy to become an initiate of the Black Lodge; it is as hard as to become an initiate of the White Lodge." Both processes involve unusual degrees of self-conquest, and the development of powers which are merely latent in most men; but the main objectives of the two are diametrically opposed. On the other hand, to go to, or to be in "hell", in the ordinary sense—the hells of fear or resentment or jealousy, for instance—is only too easy. Those are the way of "destruction". To avoid such hells, and to progress towards "life", the faithful adherence to the "narrow way" is essential.

C. M. S.

ANSWER.—Further study of *Through the Gates of Gold* should show that there is nothing irreconcilable in these statements. The Master Christ speaks of the entrance of the way that leads to destruction as easy of access. *Through the Gates of Gold* tells us of the great difficulties experienced in completely surrendering to evil, as we go along this way, and tells us in detail why this is so. The fact that desire for evil should prove so difficult of attainment, that there are along the downward way constant checks brought about by the divine light still within us, that there are constant opportunities of turning about and of retracing our steps, makes it possible that we may at length reach the strait gate. Then, as we commence to walk the narrow way, the transfer of our consciousness begins.

C. R. A.

ANSWER.—The author of *Through the Gates of Gold* refers to the fact that it is exceedingly difficult to become a successful black magician. The words of the Master Christ suggest what most of us know only too well, that it is easier to drift in the current of life than to make definite progress towards the attainment of individual, spiritual consciousness. The way to the limbo of lost opportunities is broad indeed. *Facilis est descensus Averni.*

S. L.

ANSWER.—That the downward path is *in the beginning* broad and easy, and the upward path narrow and difficult, is within the experience of everyone. But the downward path does not remain easy to the end. Life and Karma see to that. After a time, each step brings more and more of pain and pressure until at last the man's very suffering forces him to turn. It is, for instance, easy in youth to eat too much and too rich food. It is not easy to do so when the digestion has been ruined and each further indulgence is followed inevitably by acute agony.

B.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editors of the Theosophical Quarterly:

Since writing an article, "How Know?", which the QUARTERLY was good enough to print last April, the writer has found other references to Ramon Lull in our T.S. literature, which seemed of such interest, that he hoped it might be possible to share them with others, even though belated.

Ramon Lull appears twice in *The Theosophical Glossary*, in addition to the special paragraph about him, already quoted in full (*art. cit.*, p. 368). Under the caption "Kabalist", he is placed with Pico de la Mirandola, and many others, as typical of "an enormous number" of "Christian scholars", who were "the most learned and intellectual men". A kabalist is defined as "a student of the 'secret science', one who interprets the hidden meaning of the Scriptures with the help of the symbolical *Kabala*, and explains the real one by these means". The second reference occurs in a paragraph devoted to John "Cremer", whose *Testament* was printed some three centuries after the death of the two contemporaries,—a document which appears to be

our sole "authority" for Lull's presence in England, and the making of the famous "rose nobles". Now Cremer, styled "Abbot of Westminster", is denied existence, there never having been, according to modern scholarship, an Abbot of that name, recorded at Westminster, or anywhere else in England, while his *Testament* is dismissed, not without some appearance of justification, as a manifest forgery, by the same authorities (cf. p. 369). Yet Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, a high Mason and the most learned author of *The Royal Masonic Cyclopædia*, who in the early days was a Fellow of our Society, calls Lull a Rosicrucian; while the *Glossary* quotes from Mackenzie about Cremer, which would seem to us to be first, a proof of Cremer's existence; second, a proof of Cremer's contact with Lull; and third, evidence of the best sort that Cremer had won real attainments as an Hermetic philosopher,—thus endorsing the Masonic tradition about both men. It was Cremer, according to the *Testament* and Mackenzie, who, on a voyage to Italy, met Lull, whom "he induced to return with him to England. Lully divulged to Cremer the secret of the stone, for which service the monastery offered daily prayers for him." On the implications of this symbol of the stone, compare *Isis*, II, 351 with *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 465–6, and especially *The Glossary*, s.v., "White Stone".

Another reference, in the *Path*, is of even greater interest and import. A lecture by Mr. Judge, published in Vol. IV, December, 1889, p. 278, discusses the cyclic reappearance amongst men of the "sacred tribe of heroes", a phrase made famous by the initiate Synesius in his *Wisdom of the Egyptians*. After saying that these "'heroes' are none other than Nirmanakayas",—Mr. Judge continues:

"And among this 'sacred tribe of heroes' must be classed other souls. They are those who, although now inhabiting bodies and moving among men, have passed through many occult initiations in previous lives, but are now condemned, as it were, to the penance of living in circumstances and in bodies that hem them in, as well as for a time make them forget the glorious past. But their influence is always felt, even if they themselves are not aware of it. For their higher nature being in fact more developed than that of other men, it influences other natures at night or in hours of the day when all is favourable. The fact that these *obscured adepts* are not aware now of what they really are, only has to do with their memory of the past; it does not follow, because a man cannot remember his initiations, that he has had none. But there are some cases in which we can judge with a degree of certainty that such adepts were incarnated and what they were named. Take Thomas Vaughan, Raymond Lully, Sir Thomas More, Jacob Boehme, Paracelsus, and others like them, including also some of the Roman Catholic saints. These souls were as witnesses to the truth, leaving through the centuries, in their own nations, evidences for those who followed, and suggestions for keeping spirituality bright,—seed-thoughts, as it were, ready for the new mental soil. And as well as these historical characters, there are countless numbers of men and women now living who have passed through certain initiations during their past lives upon earth, and who produce effects in many directions quite unknown to themselves now. They are, in fact, old friends of 'the sacred tribe of heroes', and can therefore be more easily used for the spreading of influences and the carrying out of effects necessary for the preservation of spirituality in this age of darkness." In her descriptive account in the *Glossary*, H.P.B. also called Lull an "adept"; and her list of Kabalists referred to above, contains with others the same five names. Mr. Judge's paragraph may explain in part why Lull still is such an enigma to-day to matter-of-fact scholarship, which, even when coloured by religious faith, has virtually no understanding of the symbolic and kabalistic allegories and language with which Lodge agents of various degrees were forced to safeguard their work, veil their message, and protect even their own lives. We recall once more the famous sentences in *The Occult World:* "How could your world collect proofs of the doings of men who have sedulously kept closed every possible door of approach by which the inquisitive could spy upon them? The precise condition of their success was that they never should be supervised or obstructed" (cf. the use of this quotation in the *Ocean*, pp. 4, 5, 6). In the light of these several statements, and especially in view of such conscientious and scholarly labours as are represented in Professor Peers' biography, one can only admire the self-mastery, tact, knowledge of human nature, resourcefulness, courage, and sheer ability of a man who could teach, write and lecture openly and incessantly to Popes, inquisitors,

and ecclesiastics, accomplish publicly a great and heterodox work within the Church, live esteemed by all, and die apparently at his own chosen time a deliberate martyr, well over eighty years old,—and yet in all essentials remain unknown and unrevealed! Well might the Preface of the *Glossary* lament H.P.B.'s untimely death, because, "as was her wont, she was adding considerably to her original copy, and would no doubt have . . . furnished us with a sketch of the lives and teachings of the most famous Adepts of the East and West." How can ordinary mortals hope to recognize the inner stature of historic characters, unless they are told, at least at the start, by those *who know?*

One final quotation, again from H.P.B., throws a most suggestive light on the allegory of Lull's youthful "escapade" with Ambrosia di Castello, so admirably dramatized by the Kabalist and Rosicrucian, Éliphas Lévi (pp. 375–6), and denominated apocryphal and worthless by "timid and ever cautious history" (*S.D.*, II, 745). In an "Editor's Note" to an article in *Lucifer* (Vol. III, Oct. 15th, 1888, pp. 131–2), entitled "A Sufi's Mystical Apologue," H.P.B. comments on a somewhat similar allegorical story told of the German mystic Gichtel, whom she calls a "Theosophist," and "an Initiate and Rosicrucian." She writes: "The 'Brides' of the Mediæval adepts are an allegory. . . . From Marcus, the Gnostic, down to the last mystic student of the Kabala and Occultism, that which they called their 'Bride' was 'Occult Truth', personified as a naked maiden, otherwise called Sophia or Wisdom. That 'spouse' revealed to Gichtel all the mysteries of the outward and inward nature, and forced him to abstain from every earthly enjoyment and desire, and made him sacrifice himself for Humanity. And as long as he remained in that body which represented him on earth, he had to work for the deliverance from ignorance of those who had not yet obtained their inheritance and inward beatitude."

The parallel is striking, and all the passages are worth studying. The very fact that such an allegory has been for centuries associated with Ramon Lull should be suggestive to students of Theosophy. P.

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Blavatsky, H. P.	Isis Unveiled, Vols. I and II	cloth, $10.00
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Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

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"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

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